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The Mirror

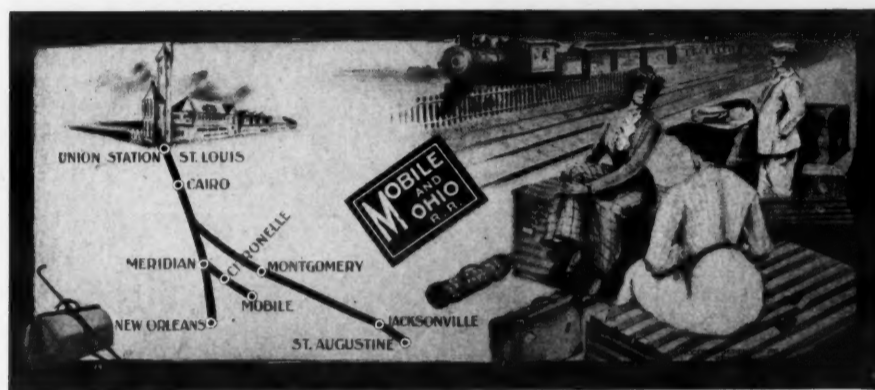


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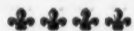
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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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## The Fake Cry of Home Rule

By William Marion Reedy

MR. JOSEPH W. FOLK appears to be winning his race for the Democratic nomination for Governor. The "arguments" against him are ineffective. The opposition to him is demoralized.

He has, to all appearances, won his battle in fair fight. Any effort to trick him out of the fruits of victory must end in disaster. No one has fought Mr. Folk harder than I have fought him. But my fight is done. He has won his battle in the open and on the level and I shall be no accomplice in any "job" to "do" him.

When I speak of a job I mean the plot to spring the cry of "Home Rule" in St. Louis.

I don't believe in Home Rule for St. Louis. Nor does any one else, save as a scheme to take a lot of St. Louis appointments away from Mr. Folk when he shall have been elected Governor.

"Home Rule for St. Louis" means a riot of thievery and jobbery. It may "look good" now with a man like Rolla Wells in the Mayoralty, but what will it look like with a man as Mayor who represents a combination of the worst local elements in both parties?

"Home Rule for St. Louis" means a bi-partisan machine that shall control the police, the elections, the saloons and every element that dominates practical politics. Home Rule for St. Louis means existence forever under a "deal" between Butler and Ziegenhein. It means a corrupted police force, a crooked election office, a general saturnalia of crime under the protection of local bosses in a "divvy."

We have heard much against control of city politics by State boards. At least the State boards had one virtue—that they were held in restraint by the responsibility of the appointing power to rural opinion. Take away that responsibility; let St. Louis run itself by a series of arrangements between the respective machines and we shall have a "hell upon earth."

I have gone as far in this fight for a friend of mine as any man could go. What I owed to friendship I think I have paid. I owe something to my town, and the least I can do is lift up my voice against this cry of Home Rule, which means nothing and can mean nothing but a revel of corruption and debauchery.

Governor Dockery has wobbled on this proposition. So has Mr. Folk. They are wrong. The one thing

St. Louis does not want is "Home Rule" of the sort contemplated in the cry that has gone up from the local "boys" since it has appeared likely that Mr. Folk would be nominated for Governor and would, in the event of his election, have the appointment of a Police Board, an Election Board, an Excise Commissioner, a Coal Oil Inspector, a Beer Inspector and some other officials.

I'm not afraid of the election of Joe Folk. If nominated he will carry the State by 100,000 majority; and when he is elected nobody but crooks will be "shown the way to the bridge," I expect to stay here. I expect Joe Folk to be a fairly liberal Governor and I don't expect to die of thirst on Sunday during his term.

The better, the thinking elements of St. Louis do not want Home Rule for St. Louis. That is a cry put up by local politicians to perpetuate every abuse and remove every restraint that now exists under the so-called system of government by State Boards. Home Rule for St. Louis under the new shibboleth means that every evil of State government of cities shall be multiplied multitudinously. It is "good politics," I admit. But it is putrid citizenship.

Mr. Dockery has "funked" under fire. Mr. Folk has done the same. Each now knows that Home Rule for St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, and other cities in the State means the creation of an evil power, the limitations of which are almost unimaginable. State Board control of Missouri cities has always been saved from absolute rottenness by executive regard for rural public opinion. Let us keep it that way.

In order to cheat Joe Folk out of a few local appointments I am not willing to deliver this city where I was born into the hands of such a combination as has heretofore existed between Edward Butler and Henry Ziegenhein.

I've gone the distance and through some heavy mud for some friends of mine in this fight. We're licked and licked good and hard. That's good for any bunch. I am not in favor of any movement to seduce Joe Folk into a scheme of Home Rule that shall morally paralyze and immeasurably pollute the town.

The Home Rule fake doesn't go, for me.

Give Joe Folk a show. He has won it in the open and on the square.

## REFLECTIONS

*The Tariff as an Issue.*

SENATOR NEWLANDS, of Nevada, went to the trouble of declaring, lately, that the tariff question is dead. It may be dead in sage-brush Nevada, but it's still a very lively question in New York, in Massachusetts, and all the great manufacturing States of the East and Middle West. And these are the States which determine National policies of legislation. The tariff question is no more dead than is the race question. The very fact that Senator Newlands took pains to unbosom himself in regard to it shows that it continues to be a burning issue. The "stand-pat" idea won't do in a progressive, ambitious, hustling country like this. For us to "stand pat" on any problem would mean retrogression, dry-rot. Great, vital economic issues cannot be silenced with empty *a priori* assertions. To argue that free trade will forever remain an iridescent dream in the halls of Congress solely because it was not in the forefront of political discussion since 1896, betrays an anæmic brain and myopic reasoning faculties. Before very long, the question of free trade or no free trade will supersede every other politico-economic problem, and will continue to be the paramount issue until it has been settled, and settled rightly.

*A Marine Disaster.*

THERE is no longer any mystery about the sinking of the *Petropavlovsk*. She struck a Russian City Directory planted at the entrance of the harbor by Admiral Togo's men.

*Andrew Carnegie's Latest Philanthropy.*

THE creation by Andrew Carnegie of a \$5,000,000 fund for the benefit of heroes and their dependents is a bit of philanthropy and a recognition of valor the civilized world well may applaud. It is an act from which great blessings will flow, and it strikes nearer the popular chord than all the endowments of universities or libraries he and others have so generously provided. Neglect of heroes is a sin of which governments as well as people have been guilty. Many men whose names illumine history and story to-day have gone with their dependents to unmarked and long since forgotten graves. We are too prone to forget such men and their deeds in the strife and struggle for existence. Our heroes of the past have received their little mead of praise, a small monetary reward, perhaps a medal, and then been cast adrift. As most heroes are dependents, and spring from the poorer classes, Mr. Carnegie's fund is sure to bring some sunshine and comforts into homes which would otherwise be desolate and miserable. Moreover, it may serve to stimulate a spirit of emulation among our other multi-millionaires who are striving to promote philanthropy. The heroes of the battleship of Missouri should not be forgotten.

*Stop the Future Books.*

HAVE the future book operators laid down the "glue" for protection? Books on the big turf classics are still being conducted in open defiance of the Postal authorities, who haven't as yet done anything to enforce the order against the gamblers. Money is beginning to pour into the book-makers' coffers on the World's Fair handicap, and horses are being backed which have no more chance of starting or of winning than a goat. As all money goes in, "play or pay," Mr. Bookmaker has a cinch on holding it. The mak-

ers of future books should be squelched. Their game is nearly as raw as the get-rich-quick scheme, and their operations tend to injure the sport of horse racing. The men in the business now are millionaires, and most of their possessions have been plucked from the public. It is time to shut them up.

*A Timely Innovation.*

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company is making rapid progress in the carrying out of its plan to give its employees sufficient training to make them capable of rendering quick, intelligent aid to passengers injured in accidents. The officials declare themselves well satisfied with results already obtained. The plan is an excellent and needful one. Considering the great number of railroad accidents in the United States, every progressive railroad company should recognize it as its duty to have a body of employees well-trained in the giving of first aid to injured people. Flesh wounds and simple fractures can easily be dressed by anybody having a little systematic knowledge of such things. First aid is often the best if given intelligently. The railroad employe who knows how to relieve all unnecessary suffering immediately after an accident should, in many cases, be of more value than the most skillful physician summoned hours afterwards.

*Speculative Abuses and Their Redress.*

A SEARCHING investigation is now making into Daniel Sully's cotton "corner," which collapsed so ignominiously a few weeks ago. Evidence already adduced proves conclusively that the methods pursued in the conducting of the "deal," the duping of credulous hordes of gamblers, the rigging and manipulating of the market, the falsifying of news and the distributing and executing of orders to brokers were of a scandalously dishonest character. The fellows contriving and maintaining the "corner" appear to be absolutely devoid of the least vestige of honor, of the most rudimentary conceptions of business morality and good faith. Their own testimony shows them to have acted as thievish, contemptible gamblers, as sordidly-minded megalomaniacs. They had neither scruples nor system in their audaciously planned raids upon the pockets of their thousands of victims and the upsetting of the cotton markets of the entire civilized world. Sully and his confederates advanced the price of cotton chiefly by means of lying and more or less ingenious devices. They paid but scant attention to real, existing facts and figures. They relied on their imagination, nerve and finesse to pull them through, to enable them to continue the desperate, sensational game for an indefinite length of time. Like others of their type and sphere of activity, they made copious and judicious use of the daily press in the furthering of their vicious schemes. They even went so far as to contribute articles to one of the foremost monthly periodicals of this country, in which they made specious endeavors to convince readers of the soundness of their view of, and aims in, the world's cotton market. That the publishers of such a reputable monthly as the *North American Review* could be imposed upon so egregiously by the puerile finesse of Sully is not the least astonishing feature of the disreputable affair. These late revelations will hardly conduce towards a speedy revival of speculative activity and confidence. Coming as they do right upon the heels of the investigation into the connections of Morgan and Schwab with the American Shipbuilding Com-

pany, they should still further intensify the feeling of distrust and disgust that has been so much in evidence among the speculative communities in the last twelve months. The more one studies affairs of this kind, the more one is inclined to wonder that State legislatures have not as yet recognized the necessity of making nefarious, dastardly market *coups* of the sort recently conducted in the stock and cotton markets subject to the criminal statutes, or covering them by additional amendments. The time certainly is ripe for legislation along this line. Since speculative markets seem to be indispensable adjuncts of modern economies, it should dawn upon the minds of legislators and courts that it would be idiotic to continue disregarding them, or to persist in considering all market transactions of close kinship to gambling, and therefore not entitled to the notice or supervision of the courts. We hear ever and anon of a decision rendered in a State or Federal court refusing to regard an order given to a reputable broker as legally binding. Now this may be good law, according to the dull reasoning of the cob-webbed brains of men who still draw their legal knowledge from "Coke on Littleton," but it's not common sense. Neither is it in consonance with the dignity and integrity of a court to permit a mean-souled caitiff to give an order to a broker and afterwards, when the market turns against him, to consider it unlawful, and therefore not binding. Doesn't it look like good law to hold every mother's son responsible for his own acts, no matter whether he be the gainer or loser in consequence thereof? In a certain sense, speculation may be gambling, but so is the business of the merchant, the manufacturer, the real estate man, the farmer and the railroad builder. They are all speculating, in one way or the other. Human life itself is a gamble. There's many a judge in this country who frequents brokers' offices and takes his "flyers" in stocks, or cotton or wheat, and yet does not hesitate afterwards, when occupying the wool-sack, to denounce the speculator as a gambler and an outlaw. Speculative markets must either be suppressed or regulated. Since the first alternative cannot be thought of, the latter deserves the careful attention of legislator and courts. The more the population and wealth and industries of this country expand, the more imperative does it become to protect the masses of investors and speculators against the plots and *coups* of conscienceless promoters and market manipulators. Such outrageously dishonest proceedings as characterized the history of Wall street in the last few years should be rendered impossible of repetition. Besides spreading havoc and ruin throughout the country, they make for social and political discontent, for a lowering of private and public morality, for crass, degrading materialism and general contempt for law, courts and government.

*Good News from South Africa.*

GOLD production is still on the increase in South Africa. At the present time, the output of the Transvaal mines is at the rate of about sixty million dollars a year. This compares with an eighty-five million dollar record in 1899, or previous to the outbreak of the Boer war. The belief is strong that eventually the rate of production will reach one hundred and fifty million dollars a year. The importation of coolie labor from China gives the mine-owners all the help required, and at very low cost. Whatever ethical or political wrong may be involved in the institution of this sort of legalized slavery in the Transvaal, seems to receive the tacit acquiescence of all who are on the spot, the Boers, of course, excepted. The British government couldn't do any better. It thought the end justified the means. Accordingly, the mining stock exchange members in Johannesburg are in fine

fettle and preparing for lots of business. The jobbers expect a return of the golden ante-bellum days, when "Kaffirs" used to go like "hot cakes" at prodigious prices. In London, Berlin and Paris, the expanding gold production of the Transvaal is much made of. It is considered as the precursor of another boom period. After a while, the financial world of London will speak with awe and wonder of the dazzling achievements of another Barnato or Hooley. There's plenty of money in European centers at this time waiting for investment in hazardous enterprises.



## Socialistic Chicago.

SOCIALISM is a power in Chicago. The labor union element is thoroughly infected with the ideas of Marx and Lassalle. Recent elections strongly evidenced the spread of communism in the Northern city. Both political parties are compelled to cater to the demands of this element. The results will be watched with increasing interest. This drift in political sentiment is thought-compelling. It is the outgrowth of Dingley legislation, of a corrupt pension system, of the activity of our "captains of industry."



## Hints to Investors.

IN view of the growing disposition of investors to buy meritorious stocks and bonds at prevailing prices, it may not be amiss to give a few practical hints as to the right way of choosing from among the mass of securities offering. In determining value, the interest or dividend rate must be considered first of all. The security that pays the most is generally the most valuable and desirable. But the rate alone does not furnish a true criterion in every instance. A stock paying only three per cent may be worth considerably more than another paying six per cent. Chicago and Northwestern common, for instance, upon which seven per cent per annum is being paid, but which yields only about four per cent on the investment at the prevailing price, is a much more attractive purchase than United States Steel preferred, which returns over ten per cent at its present market value. This difference in intrinsic value arises from various causes. The Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company is efficiently, conservatively managed; it has a large surplus on hand, and its earning capacity can more readily be ascertained and foreseen. The United States Steel Corporation, on the other hand, is a comparatively untried and unknown quantity. Its earnings are subject to violent fluctuations; its present management is not such as to inspire reasonable confidence, and its capitalization is wildly inflated. In choosing between railroad securities, attention should be paid to cost of operation, net earnings, surplus on hand, past records and the amounts of outstanding shares and bonds. A preferred stock is, as a rule, a better investment than the common, because it has first claim, after the bonds, upon surplus earnings. There are, however, some common shares which are considered more tempting purchases than the preferred. In these instances, present or prospective differences in dividend rates furnishes the only reason for the greater demand for the common shares. First mortgage bonds are safer, of course, than any other bond or any share of stock, because they are ahead of everything else. Second mortgage bonds are generally more desirable than consolidated, or collateral, or income bonds. In the purchase of municipal securities, the determining factors should be: amount of assessed value, population, rate of taxation, outstanding indebtedness, interest rate, and the laws covering bond issues. The old maxim that a high rate of interest means poor security still holds good, with some qualifications. The average city or county or school bond of Missouri or Illinois is decidedly safer as an invest-

ment than is the bond of like character issued in Florida or Idaho. From what has been said, it should be plain to every one that the safe investment of capital is not the easy thing it looks. It involves the pondering of so many and often conflicting factors that it should, as a rule, be entrusted only to such as have acquired superior knowledge and powers of discernment after years of practical experience and study.



## Rotten Domingo.

THE ceaseless political revolutions in San Domingo should be stopped. The semi-savage half-breeds are unable to govern themselves. They have no respect for international law, or the rights of personal liberty and private property. The successive governments represent temporarily triumphant tyrannical factions. There's full warrant, under recognized international law, for this Government to land marines, to restore order and to institute such measures as will prevent all possibility of a recurrence of serious disorder in the future. Annexation would unquestionably be the surest way of attaining the desired end. An independent San Domingo is an anachronism and a menace to the interests of civilization. Let the Washington government go ahead and put a stop to political and social anarchy on the West Indian Island. The Nation will uphold its hands, no matter what it may think fit to do in the premises.



## The Albany Convention.

NEW YORK'S Democracy has rallied enthusiastically around the standard of Judge Parker. It has declared, in no uncertain mode; in favor of a revision of the tariff, and demanded a greater degree of definiteness, stability and conservatism in National Administration and legislation. The monetary question has been ignored. The platform of the Empire State's Democracy is a good one. It seems to foreshadow the complexion of that to be adopted at the St. Louis Convention. The potent influence exerted by Senator Hill in the proceedings of the Albany gathering constitutes a matter for wonderment, and should incite



## The Great Pageant.

THE World's Fair must be regarded as a magnificent manifestation of the brilliantly-conceiving, indomitable mind of our own David Rowland Francis. *Prospera's* magic couldn't have accomplished more in the same space of time. The "gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples shall dissolve," but the memory of them shall linger in this community for generations to come.



## Our Mad Navy.

HAS our navy gone mad, or is it, too, suffering from the interference of "persons of lofty influence?" Ever since the Oyster Bay naval demonstration there has been a contagion of strenuousness aboard some of the ships. Bursting guns, death-dealing "back drafts," collisions and accidents galore have since happened, and yet no one in authority has seen fit to step in and stop the mad rush. We are fighting imaginary enemies day and night at Washington and at sea. The explosion on the Missouri and the consequent loss of life, all for the mad purpose of gaining a world's record for quick firing of big guns, looks like martial insanity. What our navy needs is a phrenologist, or a new Board of Inquiry. Unless the strenuousness ceases its ranks will be depleted and its ships all sunk before the ever-hoped for enemy arrives.



## Canon Henson and the Bible.

CANON HENSON, the chief dignitary of Westminster Abbey, and a leading light in English society, is still being stormed for his alleged heretical utterances questioning the truth of the Scriptures. Like all advocates of Higher Criticism, Canon Henson has been engaged with his followers in spreading the seed of unbelief in existing creeds until now in nearly all Protestant churches hot theological debates are going on, senseless heresy trials are in progress and desperate struggles are being made to revise old creeds, the dogma of which defies modern interpretation. The danger of all this is that it threatens the foundations of religious organizations. Church members divided on the issue are at sea, and it may come to pass that they will give up their organization, which even now,

# THE PARTING

By Theodosia Garrison

GOOD-BY. I bind the sandals on your feet—  
The winged sandals, wonderful and fleet;  
I have no wish to hold you, keep you so;  
Yet wait, and smile—and kiss me ere you go.  
(Oh, little dream, so sweet you were, so sweet!)

Good-by. You see, I smile; I am not sad.  
Nay, you were but a transient guest I had,  
Who shared my fare and made my dwelling bright  
One sun-filled morning and one moon-swayed night.  
(Oh, little dream, how glad you were, how glad!)

Good-by. My hand has set the door ajar.  
No broken prayer your open path may mar.  
I have no tears to bid you from your way;  
And yet—ah, yet! one moment turn and stay.  
(Oh, little dream, so far you go, so far!)

From The Cosmopolitan Magazine.

in many instances, is only held in tact apparently, by social and political influences. Canon Henson utters no astounding truths or proofs. He declares that credit of the Scriptures is seriously shaken in the public mind, but this does not refute the truth of the Bible. It only substantiates the statement that he himself makes, and supports the position which the Catholic Church has long maintained, that indiscriminate reading of the Scriptures does more harm than good.



#### *The Study of Latin.*

LATIN scholars are bitterly wrangling over the right mode of pronouncing Latin words. They are arguing and disputing in vain. There's no standard of Latin pronunciation. One man's Latin is as good as another's. Besides, what's the use of the whole controversy? Some of these pedantic fellows arguing about the Latin language could employ their time and talent more usefully to themselves or others by learning to speak and write their own mother tongues properly. Latin has but an academic or historic value. For practical purposes it is unavailable. In our high schools and colleges it must more and more lose its importance, and finally be superseded altogether by the foremost modern languages. Virgil's tongue was, or is, a noble one, but so is Shakespeare's, so is Goethe's, so is Racine's.



#### *Russian Losses and the Nihilists.*

Is Russia, her army and navy in the Far East at the mercy of the secret, resourceful, unrelenting organization of Nihilists? It would appear so. If not, how account for the almost wholesale destruction of Russian ships and lives since the war began, in the harbor of Port Arthur? It does not seem probable that all those Russian ships that have gone to the bottom or been damaged, could have come in contact with Russian mines. To naval men such an explanation is next to absurd, especially in the case of the Petropavlovsk. Equally absurd does it seem to attribute this latest disaster to a Japanese mine or submarine boat. More reasonable is it to assume that Nihilists have done the work, and are still secretly carrying on a war, compared to which the so-called treachery of the Asiatic is easily the most honorable of transactions. There is scarcely any doubt that Japan has in its employ Russians who hold positions of trust in the various branches of their nation's service, and while many of these traitors might be termed Nihilists, it is safe to assume that there are among them others who have allied themselves with their country's foe simply for gain. In short, official corruption in the Czar's domain is of such magnitude that the country is honeycombed with it. Nihilism is on one side, and corruption on the other, and it is not mere presumption to suspect that both elements have fastened themselves on the army and navy. Only a few weeks ago a commissary officer of the Russian army was found to be in the service of Japan. So bold had he become in his operations that he carried in his pockets important papers, plans of Russia's lines of defense, and other convincing proof of his guilt. If an officer of this rank can be hired to betray his nation, what of the host of other dissatisfied gold-seeking men in the service? It certainly appears now that Japan has set to work all forces, visible and hidden, to encompass the defeat of Russia, and thus far they appear to have served her well. Russia's last apparent hope of regaining control of the sea was dissipated when Makaroff went down with his ship. This left the Russian naval force at Port Arthur but an aid to the forts, and a not very valuable aid either. The loss of the sea is a severe blow to Russia, since it compels her to rely upon the rather overworked and unreliable 6,000 mile

railroad across Siberia, to meet all transportation problems. Her task is a gigantic one, and with a downcast populace fretting over repeated losses, not a pleasant one. Not all the troops have yet arrived at the front, and General Kuropatkin declares he will need, in all, 500,000 men. To get this force and its equipment on the field will, in itself, more than task the ingenuity of officials and the capacity of the railroad, but, assuming they will be able to accomplish it, there still remains the vexing problem of supplying the vast army with food, clothes and other supplies. This sustenance cannot come from the country wherein the army is located, as the natives are secretly opposed to

Russia, and are refusing to sell her their wares, and to make matters worse, Russia's currency is losing its value in the purchasing centers. As the war now stands, Russia appears sadly handicapped with enemies within, as well as without, her ranks. Should Kuropatkin be defeated, and the Japanese gain a foothold in Manchuria, divide the Russian force, sever the railroad and isolate Port Arthur, there is no telling what would happen in the Czar's mighty dominions. A victory, be it ever so small or indecisive, on the other hand, would restore the morale of the Russians at front and at home. The war game on land will soon be on in earnest.

## Some Aspects of Sadism

By Francis A. House

PROFOUND attention has been aroused among students of psychopathy and criminology by the results of the recent investigation into the astounding case of Dippold, a German private tutor, who stood charged with, and practically admitted, having caused the death of a prominent Berlin banker's son by systematic maltreatment of demoniacally refined cruelty. The testimony adduced at the sensational trial was of a disgusting, horrifying character. Abundant proof was furnished that the young pedagogue is a sexual pervert, who did not shrink from abusing his youthful, helpless pupils in a manner that can only be hinted at, and at the same time experienced a depraved sort of pleasure in administering the most ingeniously inhuman punishment. High-standing medical authorities, taken into consultation during the court proceedings, unanimously declared that the tutor, while psychically weak, could not be considered insane. On this finding the accused was sentenced to long imprisonment in the penitentiary.

Dippold must, it seems, be classed with those morally and intellectually tainted individuals known to neurologists as Sadists. In the annals of crime and history we meet many characters who combined an utterly corrupted sexuality with a revolting lust of cruelty. It is just on the tenuous and not easily ascertainable border line dividing the sound from the unsound mind that we most frequently encounter cases of this kind. The late Professor Krafft-Ebing, one of the most eminent authorities on mental psychological subjects, has in many brilliantly written books and monographs given us instructive analysis of functional mental and sexual disorders. He thereby laid a solid foundation for continued and well-directed investigation, which, in the course of time, should materially enlarge our, at present, rather scant knowledge of the mysterious pre-natal, psychical, physiological and social influences which contribute so appallingly towards increasing the number of moral and mental wrecks. Considering the terrific tension to which the restless rivalry of modern social and economic life subjects the mind and heart of civilized man, no one need express wonderment at the rapid multiplication of instances of crime and degeneracy.

It is a truism to state that all such manifestations of erotic impulses as do not purport to perpetuate the human species are of a diseased because unnatural character. These manifestations are of infinite variety. Some of them attract the attention only of the vigilant, inquisitive eye of the medical expert. Others culminate in actions which the sane mind can barely consider possible or human. In the wide and weird

field of sexual neurasthenia the utmost depths of moral degradation have been sounded.

In all cases of erotomania, heredity, education and social environments necessarily are of a determining, far-reaching influence. The further we penetrate into the causes of crime and depravity, the stronger grows the evidence that some of the forms and results of civilization are anything but ennobling or uplifting.

Most valuable and well nigh inexhaustible information bearing upon the multifarious manifestations and excesses of erotomania has been derived from the writings of the Marquis de Sade, a contemporary of Voltaire, Diderot and Rousseau. For a long time it was commonly assumed that this past grand master in his special branch of pornographic literature had written of and about characters, things and incidents existing only in his prolific imagination. It has, however, been proved in Professor Duehren's recently-published monograph on "The Marquis de Sade and His Time" that this degenerated scion of Petrarcha's Laura based his writings upon his own personal experience and knowledge.

In the utterly immoral court-life of France in the eighteenth century, he was given ample opportunity to witness and participate in excesses of erotomania the ingeniousness of which not even his own morbidly brilliant fancy could excel or exaggerate. We, of the present day, cannot well conceive the unnatural, unrestrained lewdness which characterized court-life at Versailles, where concubinage was proudly in evidence, and where reprobate nobles and courtiers eagerly vied with weak and foolish Louis XV. in practices of an elaborate orgy of lustful flesh.

During the Reign of Terror de Sade was given numerous occasions to make further and, at times, almost uncanny studies along his chosen lines. A growing and general insecurity of life tended to loosen all bonds of morality and social order. Society in Paris, thoroughly infected with religious skepticism and a crass, hedonistic materialism, enacted the most dreadful scenes in its frantic, precipitous desire to taste as many of the sensual pleasures of life as the whim of the bloody tyrants would permit.

That de Sade did neither entirely invent nor unduly exaggerate is satisfactorily proved by various paragraphs in the literary effusions of Mirabeau, la Mettrie and Retif de la Bretonne. In a great many of the cases recorded by de Sade grotesque libidinousness was accompanied by frightful cruelty. This induced Voltaire to invent the designation "tiger-apes." Some of the incidents depicted by de Sade are of an order that almost tempts us to believe that they could

have arisen only in the imagination of a person of diseased mentality.

In speaking of Sadism, it is necessary to bear in mind that not every impulse of the human heart having for its primary motive the desire to aggrieve or hurt others can be regarded as a symptom of mental or moral disorder simply because it may be wrongful and prejudicial to social order. If such a theory were at all tenable, by far the great majority of men could be considered psychopathic. It is a sufficiently authenticated fact that there are many individuals of normal feeling and reason who, in beholding the enactment of scenes of cruelty do not always experience sentiments of disgust or horror. In ancient and mediæval times, immense multitudes took undisguised delight in witnessing public executions. Rome, in its days of decadence and profligacy, fairly clamored for the persecution, torture and death of the Christians. Cæsar and his court, patricians of all classes, philosophers, poets and priests, were just as insistent in their eagerness to see the ghastly sights of the amphitheatre as was the uneducated and unfeeling *canaille* of the street. Degenerated Rome felt a perverse pleasure in looking upon a hunted, tortured and torn human being. It ever longed for "new shudders," for something, anything, to drive away the awful ennui of a social life stewing and stinking in its own corruption.

In the Christian middle ages, people hastened in expectant gaiety to public places, there to satisfy their animal, brutal craving for the sight of writhing, burning witches and heretics. Public executions, in those times, were occasions of veritable festivity; people attended them for reasons, and with feelings in no essential different from those which move and possess the modern Latin who goes to pay his few centavos to see a bull fight.

In our own country, of the present day, we are frequently afforded shocking evidence of the persistence of primordial instincts of cruelty in human nature. The burning of a negro at the stake is generally witnessed by thousands of men and women, who come from far and near, and who feel anything but horror or compassion in beholding frightful mutilations and in hearing the agonizing shrieks of the wretched criminal. Lynchings give, at times, occasion to the running of excursion trains by the railroad companies, reduced rates being held out as a special inducement.

In modern philosophy and *belles lettres* much the same moral phenomenon can be noticed. The school of Nietzsche and Stirner does not hesitate to denounce pity and mercy as signs of unpardonable weakness. It considers the pitying person a degenerate, who is prejudicing himself as well as human society as a whole.

The average reader of newspapers, who prays for his daily sensation more earnestly than for his daily bread, can only with difficulty disguise a certain unnatural feeling of pleasure, or, to use a more expressive German word, *Schadenfreude*, in reading of the accidents or misfortunes which befall others. He may not be willing to admit such moral perversity to himself or others, yet he knows it is there, in the innermost recesses of his heart. And have we not the dictum of a famous French philosopher that we never hear of the misfortunes of our neighbor without feeling pleased because they did not happen to us?

The above are instances of moral faults which are un-Christian, and yet not necessarily suggestive of mental derangement. They represent a form of Sadism that is, apparently, inherent and ineradicable in man.

Cases of Sadism are recorded even in religious history. In the middle of the eighteenth century, the Jesuit Girard, of Toulon, France, treated Marie Cadriere, a young girl of seventeen years, and his religious ward, with monstrous inhumanity, finally bring-

ing about her complete physical and moral ruin. In the middle ages, when religious frenzy was at its zenith, the flagellants practised much the same kind of Sadism.

According to the testimony of experienced neurologists, Sadism is particularly prevalent among women. During the first French revolution, women of the lowest classes, and notorious *dames de Halles*, fairly revelled in acts and scenes of blood and lewdness. They prided themselves on their readiness to "jest at horrors."

## A Chapter in the Shelley Love Affairs

WHAT is heralded as "the most notable literary find of recent years," but is generally accepted as of much less importance, is given to the public in the pages of the *New York Times* (March 13). It consists of a series of love letters that passed between John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," and Mrs. Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, the widow of the poet Shelley. These letters are a part of a collection of Payne's manuscripts soon to come under the auctioneer's hammer in Philadelphia, and they reveal a curious literary romance. Mrs. Shelley, it appears, rejected the suit of Payne, but in doing so, disclosed her affection for a more eminent American author—Washington Irving. "She was unmoved by another poet," says a writer in the *San Francisco Argonaut* (March 28), "but allured by a plain writer of prose." Thus, he adds, are "the eyes of the literary world again directed to the exceptional, if not unique, story of the loves of the Shelleys." To continue the narrative:

"Payne—poet, author, dramatist, and actor—was in London, in May, June and July, 1825. He met the lovely widow of Shelley, and conceived for her a warm but generous passion. It soon became clear, however, that she, on her part, sought him only that she might learn more about Payne's friend, Irving. Her letters are full of requests for more theater tickets and inquiries about 'the American author.' Payne's are full of protests of friendship and affection. But when he found that he was supplanted by Irving—whom, however, she had never seen—he did a thing which, if generous, certainly was not in accord with the practise of ardent and whole-souled lovers: He sent to Irving all Mary Shelley's letters—including copies of his own which he had kept—saying: 'I do not ask you to fail in love, but I should even feel a little proud of myself if you thought the lady worthy of that distinction.' But Irving was coy. It does not appear that he ever called upon the lady who so much desired to meet him. He was truer to his only and early love, Matilda Hoffman, than the author of 'Frankenstein' to her dead poet-husband."

The letters of the poet's wife, in the judgment of the same writer, are "highly interesting," not because they "have any noticeable literary beauty, or are distinguished for intensity of passion," but rather, on the contrary, because they "reveal that she who had been the inspiration of the pale poet's most lovely songs, and who, it has been for long alleged, was brought by grief at his death to an early grave, had, in fact, a soul not far above theater-tickets, and was quite willing to permit herself to be consoled by the blandishments of a living lover." We quote further:

The Marquis de Sade spent the last few years of his eventful, scandalous life in the insane asylum at Charenton, where he had been sent upon the orders of Napoleon I. While many of his acquaintances were of the belief that the old rake was suffering from insane delusions towards the close of his earthly career, we still have the written opinion of the psychological authority who observed him in the asylum that he never acted or talked like a man deprived of all control over his reason and will,—that he was simply a confirmed and fanciful libertine.

"In the very first letter from Mrs. Shelley to Payne there is an interesting inquiry about his 'American friend.' Payne replies with a rather ardent epistle. Mrs. Shelley thanks him for his regard, but does not forget to say that she would like to see 'Virginius' acted. 'By the by,' she remarks, shrewdly, 'a box would be preferable.' Payne, in his next, encloses orders for the box, and promises more tickets. Then he proceeds in praise of his fair correspondent: 'You are perfectly estimable—certainly more universally so than any one I have ever seen.' In the reply to this from Mrs. Shelley she signs herself 'Always your sincere friend'—and does not forget to ask for tickets. Payne replies that the manager of King's Theater is under some pledge about orders on Saturday, but still sends three and hopes to get six. He also sends four for 'Faustus.' In her next note, Mrs. Shelley says she is ready to go to anything but 'Otello.' Payne, in his next sends four tickets, and Mrs. Shelley, in the letter following, asks for four more, and closes with the cryptic sentence: 'My head aches this morning, though neither ice nor softer flame occasions it—and as yet I am faithful to W. I.!' So the letters run—tickets and Washington Irving the themes of Mrs. Shelley's love and Mrs. Shelley the theme of Payne's. The part of the record in which is most warmly expressed Mrs. Shelley's regard for Irving is a conversation. Payne writes that she said 'she longed for friendship with Irving,' and when Payne rallied her upon being in love, 'at first she fired.' Whereupon Payne retorted: 'What! Would you make a plaything of Mr. I.?' And then she seems to have desisted from her denial of the soft impeachment."

That this correspondence furnishes something of an anti-climax to the "heart-history" of Mary Shelley, the writer in *The Argonaut* feels compelled to admit. He says in conclusion:

"Shelley eloped with Mary, and the twain were accompanied by an elder sister, who was also desperately in love with the poet—so desperately that she threatened to kill herself if left behind. . . . Despite Shelley's several loves, it was Mary Wollstonecraft who was the true mate of his gentle spirit. Their love endured to the end. Their relations, like those of the Brownings, have for a hundred years inspired young hearts to emulation. Mary Shelley, sorrowfully waiting for death to lay her by the side of her beloved, has been held to be as poetic a figure as Isabella by her basil pot. 'Shelley, beloved!' she wrote after his death, 'the year has a new name from any thou knowest. When spring arrives, leaves that you never saw will shadow the ground, and flowers you

never beheld will star it, and the grass will be another growth. Thy name is added to the list which makes the world bold in her age, and proud of what has been. Time, with slow but unwearied feet, guides her to the goal that thou hast reached, and I, her unhappy child, am advanced still nearer the hour when my earthly

dress shall repose near thine, beneath the tome of Cestius."

"Yes, it is distinctly disappointing to learn that she who wrote those impassioned words was only a few years later to be enamored of Washington Irving, then forty-two and inclined to fat."

## Has the Small Family Become an American Ideal?

By Lydia Kingsmill Commander

THE decline in the American birthrate has for some years been of considerable interest to those who are quick to discern national tendencies. Conventions of ministers of different denominations have repeatedly discussed the subject, and physicians have called it to the attention of the public.

But it was only when President Roosevelt sent out his trumpet-blast protest against what he termed "race suicide" that the nation, as a whole, became aware of the importance of the population question.

That the large family of the early days of this country has disappeared every one is aware. Benjamin Franklin was one of fourteen children, a number far from uncommon at that time, but scarcely to be met twice in a lifetime now. Franklin stated that eight was the American average family two centuries ago and, figuring on that basis, foresaw for this country a population of 100,000,000 by 1900.

Instead we have 76,000,000, of whom 11,000,000 are foreign-born and 13,000,000 the children of foreign-born parents. Only 52,000,000, a trifle over half the number Franklin predicted, have therefore descended from the early American stock. So far from eight being now the average family, that number is considered astonishingly large.

In fact, about the time of the President's famous utterance my attention was especially called to this question by the exclusion from a number of New York flat houses of two families, the one containing seven, and the other five children, on no other charge than that the families were too numerous to be desirable as tenants.

Apropos of these incidents, I made some investigations and found that New York landlords had decided prejudices against children, and that there was a striking absence of them in the better neighborhoods of the city. Six real estate agents, controlling flats renting at from \$50 to \$100 a month, in locations from about Eightieth street to One Hundred and Fortieth street, on the West Side of the city, practically refused to take more than two children, and plainly indicated that even they were not desired.

In visiting buildings it became evident that either the landlords will not take children or there are few to take in the well-to-do sections of the city. In a house on the Boulevard containing suites renting from \$400 to \$800, there were sixty families and only five children. Another, with rents from \$700 to \$900, had forty families and six children. In another, among thirty-five families there was only one child, a month old baby. In sixteen eleven-room suites in the next block only four children were found.

Two houses, side by side, each contained twelve eight-room flats. These were especially large apartments, there being one hundred feet of private hall running from the rear of the drawing room to the front of the dining room. The former room was 23x21 and the latter almost as large. The rents ranged from

\$800 to \$1,200, indicative of incomes from \$4,000 to \$6,000; yet in one house there were three children, in the other none.

Altogether I visited twenty-two apartment houses, containing 485 families, in which were just 54 children, or about one child to every nine families. In downtown apartment houses, between Fortieth and Tenth streets, I was repeatedly asked, "Have you any children or dogs?" and informed, "We never take either." Four landlords said: "The only tenants I will accept are married couples without children." It indicates the existence of a numerous class of childless couples when large apartment houses are built and equipped for the express purpose of catering to them and to no one else. But even in the less expensive part of the city the family without children is preferred. In a house with fifteen flats renting from \$16 to \$18 a month the janitor proudly assured me there was not a child in the house.

To discover the causes lying at the basis of these conditions I visited forty-six New York physicians, men and women, practicing in different parts of the city, and gathered their opinions upon the question. Physicians are in a position to understand this matter because they get the confidence of their patients as no other class can. These doctors based their opinions on experience covering, in many instances, thousands of cases. Of the forty-six whom I visited several declined to discuss the question at all, and others were extremely guarded in their remarks. But thirty-eight had facts and opinions which they gave me frankly, with the understanding that their names were not to be quoted.

Of the thirty-eight physicians who were willing to discuss the matter, I asked: "What do you consider the ideal American family?" Thirty said, "Two children, a boy and a girl." Six said, "One child." One said, "Having a family is not an American ideal," and one said, "Five or six." The last, whose report varied so entirely from every other, said she had not discovered any objection to family on the part of Americans. But she qualified her statement by the explanation that her position was possibly exceptional, her practice being in the upper part of the Bronx among people who have moved to that locality because their families are too large to live comfortably in the more crowded parts of the city. She said, too: "Probably my desires color the expression of the wishes of my patients. As I always strongly advocate five or six children, it may lead women to agree with me, at least during conversation. Besides, my views being well known, I probably attract women of similar opinions. I am inclined to think this is true because when I commenced to practice I was frequently consulted in regard to the size of the family, whereas now I seldom am."

The physician who claimed that having a family was not an American ideal (Dr. A. W.) has been practicing for fourteen years on the West Side in the

upper Sixties. Her patients are women living in apartments on incomes ranging from \$3,000 to \$5,000. She said: "Among my patients I find that the majority do not want any children; certainly not more than one. I should say that as a rule the second is an accident, the third is a misfortune, and the fourth a tragedy. In all my practice, and it is a large one, this," taking from her desk a photograph of three children, "is my largest family, and the only one of the size. I once had a patient who had three children and adopted three of her brother's, left orphaned; but she was not a New Yorker, and she is the only one like that of whom I have ever even heard."

A few blocks distant is Dr. D., a physician of twenty years' experience and a specialist in gynecology. Her patients are similar in financial position to those of Dr. W., but the women are rather more domestic and less fond of society. She said: "Most Americans want one child or two; two, if a boy and a girl, are probably preferred. No one criticizes that number or considers it too small. There is no doubt the large family has disappeared, never to return."

Altogether twelve physicians, practicing among people in comfortable circumstances, and generalizing in all from many thousands of cases, expressed practically these opinions—viz., that the large family does not exist and is not desired.

Nor do those doctors whose patients are less fortunately situated, financially, give a different report. Of nineteen physicians, the majority of whose patients follow the better paid trades and clerical work, such as bookkeeping, etc., with from \$20 to \$35 a week, all agreed that no desire for large families is to be found.

Dr. J. has practiced for eight years mainly among women. He said: "Most of my patients are people in the middle class financially. They have \$1,000 to \$1,800 a year. They are just the class always declared to be the bulwark of a nation. They have the vices of neither the rich nor the poor. They are steady, industrious, respectable, and live comfortably. They do not want big families, though, and they will not have them. They generally want one or two, but never more." Dr. R., who has been practicing for eighteen years among all classes, said: "I think most of my patients want children. I am often consulted by childless women who wish for family. But they never want more than one or two. I cannot recall in all my experience a woman who wished for and sought to have a family of five or six."

Dr. I., practicing twelve years among intelligent but not very prosperous people on the upper East Side, said: "I find few who wish to be childless. Most people want one or two children. A very few are willing to have three, and fewer still, four. More than that is considered too many. During my entire experience I have been looking for women willing to have all the children nature would send and have, in twelve years, found only one woman."

The reports were all practically repetitions of this, variously worded. Nor was I able to discover that the poor were more eager to add to the population. It appears that they do so more inadvertently than through intention.

Nearly all the doctors I consulted either are now attending free clinics or have done so at some time in the past and are, therefore, familiar with the attitude of mind of the women forced through poverty to seek free medical attention. Dr. G. M. has been practicing for six years and has a free clinic for women every afternoon. She has been especially interested in this question and has kept exact records of cases. She said: "The desire to limit or eliminate family is universal. Children are no more, or scarcely more, desired among the poor than among the rich, though the poor are often less successful in avoiding them. I am

consulted professionally in regard to this every day." Dr. A. L., who has done free clinic work for ten years, seeing an average of eighteen patients daily, said: "Whenever the woman of the poorer classes is the least bit above the lowest level, she desires to cease having children. No request is made of me oftener in the clinic than for advice along these lines." Fourteen other physicians having clinic experience confirmed these opinions.

There seems to be a general impression that our foreign population is entirely free from this tendency to restrict family; that they accept all that come without question.

Dr. Shrady, while he deplors the falling birth-rate among native Americans, says: "The Irish, the Germans, and the Italians go ahead and have children." I, therefore, included among the physicians visited six practicing almost entirely among foreigners, and of the others six had a considerable number of foreigners among their patients. Dr. A. I. was educated in Europe and practiced there two years, and has practiced in New York for eleven years. Her patients are very intelligent, but not especially well-to-do foreigners, Germans and Russian Jews. She said: "It is thoroughly American to restrict the population. It is a mistake to suppose that the foreign people keep up the population rate after they come here. Not to do so is one of the first things they learn. As soon as men and women have become thoroughly imbued with the American spirit they will not have a large family. I believe fewer foreigners than Americans are content to be childless, but they quickly accept the American idea of one or two, and think three or four a great plenty. Even the woman who was in the midst of contentedly having a large family in Europe will stop short once she gets to this country. She will, perhaps, have one or two after she lands, but by that time she will have learned the American lesson and there will be no more."

Dr. P. has practiced six years in Russia, two years in a dispensary in New York, and several years in private practice. Her patients in Russia were Jews in moderate circumstances, with a few rich. Her New York dispensary work was among the very poor of all nationalities. At present her patients are Russian Jews, with incomes from \$10 to \$30 a week. She said: "Jewish men still desire children, but some Jewish women are as anxious to avoid them as Gentiles. They are, I believe, not quite so much opposed to children. Very few, though some, want none. Many want only one, do not mind two, but object to more than three. Among the poorer I often find five or six, and the mothers of such families seem satisfied."

"Did you find this tendency among your patients in Russia?" I asked.

"Scarcely at all," she replied. "A very few, among the wealthy, who had been to Paris, caught the idea. The rest never heard of such a thing. Yet women in the same class of life here restrict their family as a matter of course. Some of the women who were having large families in Russia have come out here and quit at once. The mother of six said to me: 'I wish I had come to America sooner; I shouldn't have had so many children.'"

Dr. E., who has a mixed practice, partly American, partly foreign, intelligent people in moderate circumstances, said: "As far as I can see the difference between foreign and native-born is that the Americans grow up to the idea and foreigners have to learn it. In the interval between landing and getting the notion they naturally are adding to the population. But once they become Americanized, they are as opposed to indiscriminate reproduction as Americans. Intelligent foreigners adopt that idea sooner than ignorant ones."

The only physicians who gave me reports of unrestricted reproduction had patients among the unintelligent poor, or the really pauper class. A physician with a large practice among the very poor said: "Only the tenement woman, who has no sense of responsibility, and no care for her children after they are here, has children without regard to numbers."

Dr. H. M. has been practicing for six years as a charity physician for a mission church on the East Side. She has under her care about two hundred families, the majority Germans, with a few Irish and English. All the families get occasional help; some almost live on charity. Dr. M. said: "There is no 'race suicide,' numerically speaking, among these people. They are indifferent how many children they have. The most prolific couples on my list are a few Irish and low English who are almost entirely maintained by charity, yet continue to produce. I find that as the sense of responsibility lessens, the family increases."

Three other families doing charity work gave similar experience. A doctor practicing for seven years in the Italian quarter said: "The Italians have not adopted American ideas to any extent. They herd in their tenements regardless of comfort, and seem content to live in a garret or cellar. I never knew one to ask for no family or fewer children. They have from twelve to sixteen children and some as many as twenty-two."

Another doctor with experience among the very poor said: "My patients are largely foreign born and are distressingly prolific. Still those who begin to learn self respect and American ideas invariably wish to restrict their families. Those who produce incessantly and without attempt at check are always a class that we would better have excluded from the country. They are the poorest possible material for making Americans."

So far I have spoken exclusively of women in relation to the checking of population, as they are the ones most intimately and immediately concerned. But it does not appear that American men are more desirous than women of large families or to any considerable extent oppose the present tendency.

Fewer men than women seem to be satisfied with no children; but few, if any, have any desire for a large family.

Dr. D. S., who has been practicing for twenty years among a well-to-do class of people, said: "I believe the majority of men are pleased to have one child or two, providing their wives are willing, but they do not want many children any more than the wives. I never knew a man who would wish to have six or eight children to support. Some might take them without complaint if they came, but more would be very much disconcerted by every arrival over three or four. A great many men who would otherwise like to have children are willing to go without to please their wives."

Dr. P., quoted before, said: "Among Jewish men the desire for children is still very strong, but I cannot say that I think it any indication of stronger natural instincts or real affection in men than women."

It is simply the result of a desire to have what other men have."

Dr. A., practicing among a class of rich women, living easy, luxurious lives and not wishing family, said: "I find that most men like a child or two but not more. Yet the American man of to-day has no horror of a childless life. He is not domestic and patriarchal like European men. Of course, the very rich want heirs, but the average man is satisfied with or without, and would much prefer none at all to an old-fashioned eight or ten."

Dr. J. S., practicing eight years among people in comfortable circumstances, incomes ranging from \$1,500 to \$4,000, said: "Men, probably, on the whole, desire children more than women. Naturally, they would; they get all the pride and miss the pain. But in my experience they are usually satisfied with two or three—often with one. Sometimes men welcome a large family and will seem pleased over every additional arrival, but they are the exceptions."

Dr. J., a specialist in gynecology, said: "I don't think men are as much interested in the question as women—as, indeed, they naturally could not be. I have to get my opinions of them through their wives, and the reports vary. Some men are eager for family, some indifferent and some utterly opposed. I have even had several cases of women who desired children, but whose husbands would not consent. I do not think there is any considerable sentiment in favor of large families among men. President Roosevelt would find himself in a minority even among his own sex."

The opposition to large families is not only individual but social. Not only do people object to large families for themselves, they do not want others to have them. Americans disapprove of the large family as a social institution. They dislike to see it and condemn its existence. The producers of large families are considered rather in the light of social enemies than social benefactors.

A physician who has practiced in New York for over twenty years among well-off Americans, as well as having done a great deal of clinic work, said: "The large family is never anything but an unintentional misfortune at the present. Nowadays the mother of a large family feels humiliated. She is really an object of ridicule. People laugh at her at best, and blame her if she is poor. Society does not approve of many children. Unless people have plenty of money we do not excuse them for having a large family. We know that only ample means will enable parents to do justice to many children." Another doctor, who has practiced for six years among different classes of people, said: "I often have women say, 'Doctor, I can't have another. I'm getting such a family I'm ashamed. I don't like to be laughed at.'"

In a woman's club in New York, President Roosevelt's opinions on "race suicide" were discussed and his attitude generally condemned. Of thirty-four present only two agreed with Mr. Roosevelt. The remaining thirty-two indorsed the statement of one of the members: "There are thousands born that have no business to be born."

A review of the evidence gathered points to these conclusions:

1. That the size of the American families has diminished.
2. That the decline is greatest among the rich and educated, but also exists, to a marked extent, among the middle class and the intelligent poor.
3. That only the most ignorant and irresponsible make no effort to limit the number of their children.
4. That not only has the large family disappeared, but it is no longer desired.
5. That the prevailing American ideal, among rich and poor, educated and uneducated, women and men, is two children.
6. That childlessness is no longer considered a disgrace or even a misfortune; but is frequently desired and voluntarily sought.
7. That opposition to large families is so strong an American tendency that our immigrants are speedily influenced by it; even Jews, famous for ages for their love of family, exhibiting its effects.
8. That the large family is not only individually, but socially, disapproved; the parents of numerous children meeting public censure.

## The Major's Automobile

By Ruth Kimball Gardiner

It was the only automobile in the State, and the Major swelled with pride every time he looked at it. He had gone clear to Chicago to select it, and he had insisted in having the fastest and most completely equipped machine that could be turned out. He had scoffed at insignificant runabouts with a speed of fifteen miles an hour, and the ability to run merely forty miles with one charging. Forty miles would not take him once around his farm, he said, and, if he wanted to creep at a snail's pace, he might as well walk and be done with it.

In point of fact the Major's farm, if it had been square, which it was not, would have stretched only three miles in each direction, and as for walking, he possessed a wooden leg, and never took one step more than was absolutely necessary. However, he was not speaking under oath. He was merely buying an automobile, and as his nine sections had ripened into Number One Hard Perfection the season before, he felt that no common machine was an adequate expression of his prosperity. His heart was set on something that went by electricity. If he wanted to smell gasoline, he said, he could carry a bottle of it about with him, and sprinkle himself occasionally, and, if he wanted to be hauled around the wheat country by steam, he could hitch a sulky to the traction engine. No, he must have an electric carriage. His farmhouse and his men's quarters and his barns were lighted by electricity, and if the plant on the grounds couldn't supply power for one automobile, he didn't see what it was good for, anyway. He wanted a blood-red man-eater, he said, with a plate-glass show-window set up in front, and a speed of not less than a mile a minute.

It was, indeed, an exceptional machine, that automobile of his. Even on Michigan avenue it was remarkable. On the boundless prairie of the wheat country its advent was little short of epoch-making. The Major wished that the entire State had but a single eye, that he might make it pop out with amazement. With his new wonder, he felt precisely as in his boyhood days he had imagined he would feel if he were ever so unthinkably rich as to own a gilded circus-chariot.

There was only one wrinkle in the rose-leaf of his content. He could not share his new toy with Beresford. He could only toot his horn scornfully as he dashed past the ripening fields of his neighbor. A year ago, he could have talked to Beresford by the hour of generators and batteries and pinion gears and volts and ammeters and all the other intricate wonders of his car. A year ago, Beresford would have been the first man to ride in it, and Beresford's sister, the Hon. Mrs. Durnford, the first woman. In those days, Beresford had been his best friend; a man after the Major's own heart; a man, too, after the heart of the Major's daughter, with the Major's sanction to the seeking. Now, Beresford was a reptile—the loathsome offspring of a race of vipers—an unprincipled, grasping, unscrupulous scoundrel, for whom hanging was too honorable a death.

It was merely a piece of land, which the Major contemptuously referred to as "a city backyard," that had revealed Beresford's moral deformity. For years the Major had wanted that quarter-section. It be-

longed to Ole Olson, and the stolid Scandinavian could not be brought to see his plain duty in the matter. He clung to his little patch of wheat, and refused all the Major's offers. Then had come the incredible day when, in response to the Major's thousandth appeal, the misguided Ole had replied, unemotionally:

"Ae tank Ae sale to Mr. Beresford. He claim he buy."

Now, Beresford was utterly ignorant of the fact that the Major's heart was set on that particular quarter-section. He had bought it simply because Olson had offered to sell it, and why Olson refused it to the Major only the gods who understand the workings of the Scandinavian mind can tell. The unfortunate Beresford was totally unprepared for the Major's subsequent conduct. However, he was not seriously disturbed. He told himself that the Major would cool down presently, and things would go on as they had before.

But Beresford did not know the Major. In the first flush of his rage, that gentleman had said a great deal more than he had intended to say, but having said it, pride forbade him to retract. He informed his daughter that, if she so much as looked the way Beresford walked, he would pack her off to her aunt in Dresden, and Betty thereafter walked circumspectly, though she privately assured Beresford that a dozen fathers could never make her constancy waver. Even the Major could not but admit that a literal adherence to his command concerning Beresford and the direction of her gaze would mean her retirement from the altogether feverish gaiety of the wheat-country Summer. She might refrain from watching Beresford walk, but it was impossible to avoid seeing him across a dinner-table, or even out of the corner of her eye at a dance. There were men and to spare within the sixty-mile radius of local society, but not every man was the son of a baronet, and a lord of twelve sections of wheat land, without a barren acre or a mortgage on it anywhere. The Major could not ask his friends to close their doors to a man simply because he happened to be a reptile, and he did not propose to be driven into outer darkness himself.

As a matter of fact, there is precious little darkness in the short span of the wheat-country Summer. Dawn rouses the baby day in its third hour, and twilight lingers till ten. There is only enough deep blue gloom to give the vain light an excuse to display larger and brighter jewels than other skies possess. The wheat must grow as no weed ever dared grow, and ripen to be clear of the frosts which dog the steps of August, and the sun must hasten his rising and delay his setting to oblige the wheat. In the splendor of the long day, twenty miles to a dinner-party is the merest step. The Major had beforetime grumbled at the loss of sleep which Betty's fondness for going everywhere the rest of the two counties went, entailed, but now, with his new automobile, he sniffed invitations from afar as the war-horse the battle. He would go till the automobile fell to pieces rather than that Beresford should have a chance to talk with Betty, or dance with Betty, or hand Betty cake at any picnic.

Early August had come, and the Major's nine sections were ready for the cutting. In former years,

the Major had followed the reapers to the field in a rattletrap gig. Now, he attended the ceremony in his crimson car, and but for the unreasonable obstinacy of the farm horses, he would have headed the procession in a glory such as Solomon's wildest dreams never knew. The Major's horses, however, were not pleased with the idea of assisting at a triumphal march. As it was obviously impossible to blind them, and back them all the way to the field, the Major was obliged reluctantly to follow, instead of leading. He rolled slowly to the section which touched Beresford's land, and there halted, while the reaping-machines, seven abreast, began their long circuit. Where but an hour before the hosts of the wheat had stood, the thin stubble was strewn with their prostrate forms, contemptuously flung into sheaves, and tossed aside by the clanking, lunging reapers.

On Beresford's land, too, the reapers were cutting their multiple swath, and the forgiving Irishman, in the fullness of his heart, thought the time propitious for bringing about a reconciliation. He rode across the field, and lifted his hat.

"Good morning, Major," he called out, quite as if nothing had happened to disturb their friendship, "finest wheat in the State, this."

The Major sat in stony silence. Beresford rode nearer.

"Major," he began, "about that bit of land of Olson's, now——"

"Not another word, sir!" roared the Major. "You have acted in a way that is beneath contempt, and you know what I think about it. Don't dare at this late day to attempt any apology."

Beresford had long ago offered innumerable apologies, but he let that pass.

"I had no intention of apologizing," he said, easily. "I merely wanted to explain that I bought the land because Miss Betty liked the look of it."

"You bought it to keep me from getting it!" retorted the Major.

"Oh, come," said Beresford, "be easy now, Major. It's no great matter at all. It's the same as yours already, and 'twill soon be Miss Betty's."

"Betty's!" the Major burst out. "Betty's! What the devil do you mean, you impudent scoundrel?"

Beresford flushed.

"It's no use to waste hard words over it," he said. "You know what I mean as well as I do. Miss Betty's done me the honor to say she'll marry me, and we're tired of waiting."

The Major turned two shades redder than his automobile.

"Get off my land!" he shouted. "Don't you dare speak my daughter's name, you serpent! You'll wait till you're black in the face before you marry my daughter. Get off my land before you make me forget myself!"

Beresford turned, and rode toward his own possessions.

"I'll not wait one second longer than Miss Betty bids me," he called back. "I've waited, thinking you'd come to your senses, but I'm at the end of my patience with you. Miss Betty's going to marry me, and I'll be asking no one else to name the day. Just put that in your pipe and smoke it, Major."

The Major's reply was inarticulate, but emphatic. His state of mind was such that a flock of wet hens were not a circumstance to him for fury. He had been grossly insulted, and Beresford had flung in a taunt for full measure. He quivered with wrath as he turned his crimson car toward home. Only for the sake of the Hon. Mrs. Durnford, he told himself, had he refrained from doing violence to her reptilian brother.

Betty had been a distant witness to the meeting,

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and one glance at her father's face told her the state of things.

"Pack up your things this instant!" the Major ordered. "And don't you dare say one word. I'm going to take you to Fargo."

"To Fargo!" Betty faltered. "Why, when?"

"The sooner the better," said the Major. "This State is no fit place for a girl with a lot of vipers running loose. You're going down to Fargo this very day, and you're not going to stop there, either. Dresden is the place for you, and that's where I'm going to send you."

"There's no train before to-morrow," said Betty, fighting for time.

"Train!" cried the Major; "we're not going by train. What d'ye reckon I bought that man-eater for if I can't run it eighty miles? You go and pack up your things, and don't you try to irritate me. We're going to start in just one hour."

"Father," said Betty, desperately, "I know perfectly well why you're taking me away, and it isn't a bit of use. You can take me to Siberia if you like, but I'm going to marry Dick Beresford, and you may as well make up your mind to it."

"Don't irritate me," the Major shouted. "I'll take you where that snake of an Irishman can't find you in a thousand years."

"I'll write to him," Betty retorted.

"Write all you like," answered the Major, "and much good it'll do you. I reckon they know a thing or two about girls like you in Dresden. You can write a book if you choose, but you go to Fargo in just one hour."

The Major's hour had grown into two when at last the red car rolled away across the prairie. On the front seat were the Major and Betty. On the back seat lay the boxes which the Major meant to leave in the nearest village to be sent on by express. He wanted to travel fast and light, with no unnecessary luggage to interfere with his progress.

Betty was silent. She had despatched a frantic note to Beresford and another to his sister, and she had not yet given up hope. If Beresford could not stop the Major, possibly Mrs. Durnford could. At least, they knew what was happening, and Beresford would find some way to see her before she was out of reach. Five minutes' speech with him would suffice to arrange some plan for outwitting her father. Failing that, Betty felt that Dresden spelled despair. She strained her eyes across the wheat, hoping to catch a glimpse of her lover somewhere. The world was

all one flat, yellow circle under a blue cup. There was not a cloud in the sky, not a shadow on the sea of grain. Far off on the horizon danced a mirage lake, with green trees beside it. She could see its phantom ripples sparkling in the sun. Presently a grain elevator loomed up, apparently separated from its foundations by a strip of thin air. Another and another building quivered into view, and the automobile's hoarse horn warned the prairie-town of the Major's approach. There was a crowd about the door of the small but proudly named hotel to see him alight, but Beresford was nowhere to be seen.

The Major ordered luncheon, but not for a moment did he take his eyes off Betty. The crimson car was safe in the street outside. Nobody in the town knew how to run it, and the Major had not even considered it necessary to take out the safety-plug, but he was determined to run no risks with Betty. He had caught one glimpse of a hard-riden horse that looked like Beresford's, and he did not propose to take any chances. He counted on reaching Fargo in time to take the evening train for the East, and he assured Betty that he would take care of her himself till he saw the steamer sail from New York. He hurried through luncheon, poor Betty dawdling in a vain effort to gain time. Surely Beresford would not fail her. Once the automobile had set off for Fargo, he could not possibly travel fast enough to overtake her, and the thought of the ocean between them was too dreadful to be considered.

The Major led her to the waiting car. Her heart gave a leap of joy when she saw Beresford, on his horse beside it. The Major merely cast a withering glance at him, and assisted Betty to the back seat.

"One moment, Major," Beresford pleaded. "I want to say—"

"Get out of my path!" the Major thundered, "or I'll run you down."

He threw the controller on with a jerk. The automobile gave a leap that almost unseated its occupants, and shot ahead at full speed. Beresford's thoroughbred sprang forward and galloped abreast. The Major yelled in derision.

"Come on!" he shouted. "I'll run the legs off that horse in a minute!"

The alkali-pale road stretched away across the prairie like a white ribbon, without a break or a turn. The houses of the village flashed past. On dashed the car, the clean-limbed horse racing beside it. Beresford bent above his saddle, and called to Betty.

"It's now or never," he said. "Will you stay or

go? Quick, Betty, I can't keep up this pace much longer!"

"How can I stay?" Betty gasped. "He won't stop."

The Major did not so much as deign to turn his head. Let Beresford ride till he dropped. The day was young, and the automobile hardly well under way. He grinned exultantly at his enemy. Beresford drove his spurs home, and his horse almost grazed the wheels. He dropped the bridle, and leaned from the saddle.

"Stand up, Betty!" he shouted. "Hold out your arms."

In a flash his right arm swept out and caught her. With scarcely an effort he lifted her, and swung her clear of the car. The Major, looking over his shoulder, tugged frantically to shut off the controller. The automobile still shot ahead at full speed. Beresford, with Betty in his arms, reined in his horse.

"Good-bye, Major," he shouted. "I kicked your safety-plug in for you. You'd better stop and take it out."

Stop! The Major might as well have tried to stop the sun. His man-eater had the bit between its teeth, his sudden jerk in starting had "frozen" the "fingers" of the controller, and the last resort, the safety-plug, was jammed past his power to release it. He pulled at the brake frantically, and the wheat shuddered at his language. Beresford gathered Betty closer in his arms, and bent his face to hers.

"Light of my eyes," he said, "it was sudden, but it had to be."

"He'll stop and come back," said Betty, fearfully.

"He can't stop till he runs down," Beresford answered. "I didn't have time for more than one good kick, but I aimed it all I knew. It was the only thing to be done. I couldn't let you go—I hope you'll forgive me."

"Forgive you!" said Betty. "I think you're splendid. Put me down, Dick. I know it's wicked, but I've just got to laugh at dad."

"Will he forgive me, do you think?" Beresford asked.

"He'll have to," laughed Betty. "He'll love you for this when he calms down, but I shouldn't care to be near him when he steps out of that machine."

Far down the prairie road a small, red object raced madly with the wind. Between the reaches of yellow wheat, two, impenitent, young, people stood and watched it.

*From Smart Set.*

## MUSIC

## LIEDERKRANZ CONCERT.

The famous South Side singing society calling itself "Liederkrantz" gave a most elaborate programme at the Odeon last week. The *Männerchor* was supplemented by a vigorous chorus of women's voices, the principal number being sung by a striking composition for chorus, soloists and orchestra, By Max Meyer-Olbersleben.

Mrs. William J. Romer and Mr. Emil Hofman were the soloists. Mrs. Romer's singing was the feature of the concert. This splendid soprano has a voice of extraordinary volume and power, of a dramatic quality, brilliant and vibrant, yet warm and sympathetic. Her singing indicates much thought and intelligent study, and a stunning stage presence adds to the charm of her work.

The baritone, Mr. Hofman, sang under difficulties, and while there was evidence of good intentions, his work gave little pleasure.

The orchestra, under the direction of Frederick Fisher, did excellent work.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STRING ORCHESTRA.

The sixth semi-annual concert of the "Young People's String Orchestra," under the direction of Victor Lichtenstein, was given at the Odeon last Thursday. The programme was selected from the classic and the modern romantic school, and was followed with much interest by a good audience.

The orchestra is composed of young people of both sexes, who, by dint of perseverance and intelligently directed effort, have attained a commendable accuracy of attack, intonation and a decidedly agreeable tone quality. One of the features of the programme was the *Largo*, from Bach's double concerto for two violins and orchestra—a work but rarely heard, yet of surpassing melodic beauty. The brilliant military concerto of De Beriot was given an artistic interpretation by Julius Silverberg, one of the first violins of the orchestra.

Mr. Richard Schubert, a scholarly cellist, played a concerto by Goltermann, with rare purity of tone.

The orchestral accompaniments given the solo numbers were excellent.

Mrs. David Bauer, a rich toned soprano, assisted, singing a group of songs with excellent effect.

Innes and his band are to be the principal musical attraction at the opening of the World's Fair. This is gratifying news, indeed, and whenever the Innes Band plays during its four weeks engagement in this city, there will be found thousands of delighted auditors. The Innes organization is representative of the country's highest musical development and masterly harmony.

No exposition in this country is complete without Innes and his "Famous Fifty." Chicago, Pittsburg, Omaha, Nashville, San Francisco and Philadelphia have seen Innes as the feature of the exposition, while every important city in the United States and Canada have been visited by Innes and his band.

There are two remarkable features about Innes' leadership, one is that he directs without having any music before him. Another is, that not a note is

played by any performer, nor a bar of music given from the beginning to the end of the programme, that is not in response to the directing arms of the leader. The programmes are generally of a high class, with agreeable consistency. Innes is more than a leader. He is a master of interpretation. His programmes are, without doubt, the finest arranged by any conductor in this country, and he has richly earned his right to the title of "The King of Programme Makers."



## HOUSECLEANING AND HEALTH

The best thing that could happen to the average house is to get rid of about half the stuff it contains. The habit of home-keepers should be to guard against household congestion. At this season of the year, when housecleaning is about to be done, it would be advisable for every woman to go over the house from top to bottom in order to get rid of all this nuisance.

Many homes are not only filled up with a lot of rubbish, but they are so filled with fine articles that the over-careful housekeeper fears the air and sunshine might fade an elegant rug, carpet, or some fine drapery. Household furnishings that are too delicate to stand fresh air should be eliminated at once, as a careful and scientific housekeeper cannot afford to give room to anything that is not healthy and substantial. A house that is too fine for use is seldom kept as clean as it should be, for the reason that pure air and sunshine are excluded, and a home full of impure air is just as dirty as one where soap and water are used too sparingly. Sunshine purifies, and cannot be excluded from the home that is well kept and clean.

It is often a good thing when people are obliged to move. It is then they will see the folly of collecting unnecessary articles of furniture that serve to crowd rooms and attract dust.



## FROCKS FOR SPRING

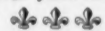
It is impossible to say that any one special fashion is adopted in the form of the new gowns, as the present mode seems to be following various periods all at once, so the best way is to choose the one most becoming to your own especial taste and style. There are gowns somewhat after the Second Empire and early Victorian styles. Then, as we have Watteau bergeres hats, the frocks will assuredly follow, while the special features of La Pompadour's picturesque gowns may also be seen; and in Paris the Louis XIV. and the Directoire periods are also to have their turn. Surely no one could wish for greater diversity; and the numberless new materials seem specially created for all or any of these many styles, and in their delicate flower-like tints many of them are exact reproductions of the soft hues of fading roses with which the dead leaf and bronze tones mingle so well.

Flowers play an important part in this season's fashions, for the custom of wearing flowers on evening dresses is once again to the fore, and an exquisite little flower-trimmed frock is of palest blue chiffon, the full-gathered skirt charmingly flounced in a new way and

further trimmed with insertions of lace and double ruchings of chiffon, and half-buried in their soft frothiness are loop bows of blue ribbon drawn through little pompadour wreaths of pink roses; and a deep belt gathered in the fullness of the smart little bodice with its tiny pink wreaths and knots of blue. Another beautiful evening gown is of white gauze, wonderfully brocaded with large silk carnations in a lovely shade of mauve and their green foliage; the skirt opens in front over a petticoat of chiffon and lace, and is festooned with some new opal bugles and tassels; the bodice, rather full and pointed, has a lace berthe charmingly disposed and adorned with a galon of the same curious bugles with silver sequins which falls over the full, short sleeves of chiffon and lace, while the folded belt is of shaded mauve satin.

A smart day gown is of pastel gray cloth, the skirt prettily gathered with deep tucks on the lower part, edged with frills of gray chiffon, the front of the skirt quaintly carried up above the waist in a wide tab, a fold of puce velvet attached by a wide gilt buckle on the top of it; and the little bolero bodice with its collar of embroidered lawn is extremely smart. Very "chic" is a morn-

ing gown of navy blue serge, the skirt finely pleated round the hips, trimmed with unusually wide black military braid, the fitting bolero coat cut at the back in a wide V-shaped tab, a simulated red cloth waistcoat adorned with gold braid and buttons just showing below it.



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The laundress' little daughter had been allowed to peep into the dining room, where the table was set for a dinner-party. "And mamma," she said later, "every plate had two forks by it. What was that for?" "You don't know the ways of your betters, child," replied the laundress; "the extra fork is in case they drop one on the floor." —*Detroit Free Press.*



Easy money. \$5,000 for ten cents. Smoke up. Ask your cigar dealer.

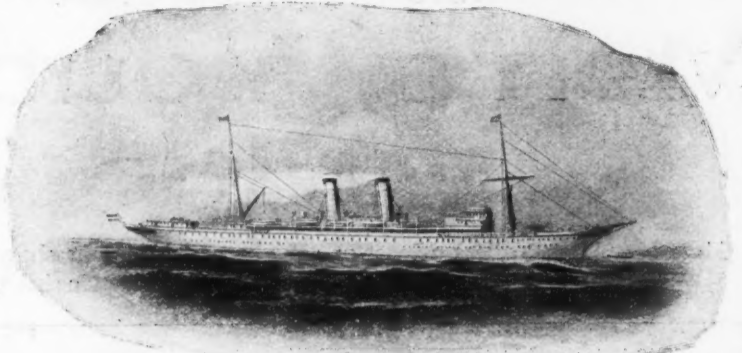


"Has your father a bad cold?" "No, indeed. He is merely reading the Russian-Japanese war news aloud." —*Washington Star.*

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## SPORTING COMMENT

## OPENING OF THE SPORTING SEASON.

St. Louis has fairly launched its great carnival of sport for 1904. The racing and base ball season could not have opened more auspiciously. At the race tracks there wasn't much evidence of war, and old-timers are of the opinion that the Union Club and the Cella, Adler, Tilles tracks will find plenty of play. If the fight is conducted on the sane business principles employed during the first week, there will be no serious losses. Free gates are what put dents in the receipts, and it is doubtful if either the local tracks will carry things this far. The public, at least that portion that patronizes racing, have found in their favorite courses much to commend. The Fair Grounds track has some useful improvements, the track itself being fixed up where it showed signs of deterioration. This has caused it to become slow, but later will make it lightning fast, when the new top dressing is hoof-beaten and rolled compactly. The new Union track pleased everybody. The grounds are beautiful, and before the season is over, will rank with the finest tracks in the land. The racing at both tracks has been good, but not exceptionally brilliant. A marked improvement in starting at both courses is a relief to horsemen and patrons. Arthur McKnight and Starter Dade are wielding the flag better than many of the so-called crackerjacks of the East.

## BROWNS AND CARDINALS.

The advent of the regular base ball season was a relief for the winter-bound fans, many of whom braved the bad weather to see the Browns and Cardinals in their contests with Detroit and Pittsburg respectively. The Browns still seem to have with them some of the old ill-luck. They are playing high-class ball, but things don't seem to break right for them in the pinches. There is material in the team that is sure to compel improvement in play, however, as the season grows. Barring accidents, the hot weather should find the Browns well up with the leaders in the American race. The Cardinals are playing whirlwind ball. The team is one of the finest bunch of Clan-na-Gaels on the diamond. The majority of the red legs are of Irish descent, and they are playing to the unqualified support of the public. Their games with Pittsburg are a good augury of the team's finish in the race. If it doesn't land at the top, it will be due to misfortune. Both local clubs are well managed, and there is no discord among the players.

## BROOMHANDLE IN THE WOODLAWN.

The Woodlawn Stakes, for 2-year-olds, will be the feature of Saturday's racing at the Fair Grounds. In this event several first class youngsters will go to the post, several of them already wearing brackets. John Shmulski, All Black, Chaney, Charlie Cella, J. B. Sheridan, Buchanan and Broomhandle are among the prominent ones almost sure to start. This Broomhandle colt, which is a brother of Bromstick, has the *Swiftness* blood pouring through his veins. Should Broomhan-

dle start with a good boy up, he is worth a bet. In fact, the race looks like it will be at his mercy. He is a natural, quick breaker, and is away on his stride before others have got in motion. This is a big advantage in a two-year-old race. First away generally lands the dough all else being equal. Broomhandle belongs to C. G. Baker, who also owns All Black, and the pair may be sent before the starter. The colt's victory on Friday last in the opening race at the Fair Grounds was so easy that everybody was surprised. In fact, Mr. Baker did not like the showing up the jockey gave the colt.

## THE LOUISVILLE DERBY OUTLOOK.

The Louisville Derby, which will be decided May 2, gives promise of considerable class. Among the probable starters are: Proceeds, Conjurer, Paris, Lonsdale, Batts, Prince Silverwings, Elwood, Ed Tierney, Brancas, Japan, English Lad, Dell Leath, Saul, Arab. Of this bunch Proceeds and Conjurer of the Brown stable have had the most early campaigning. English Lad, of whom great things are expected, is being especially pointed for this event by Fred Cook's trainer. The colt that will give them all trouble if he starts, however, is none other than Brancas. Brancas is said to be in fine fettle, and ready to race for his life.

## MORE HORSES COMING.

Many new horses are expected at both the Union and the Fair Grounds tracks this week. They are coming, it is claimed, from Memphis and from the East. General Manager Carmody is figuring on an extended race meeting at Union. From now on better sport may be looked for at the local tracks, as it is thought that many owners who are doubtful about Chicago's racing future, will make sure of business by coming to St. Louis. Brewer Schorr will send a good string to the Fair Grounds,

and other owners in Memphis may be expected to follow his lead.

## THE KANSAS CITY DERBY.

Kansas City is getting in shape for its spring running meeting at the New Elm Ridge course. The derby that will be run April 30 will bring together a pretty fair field, and one of considerable class. Judge Mohabib, Bearcatcher, Proceeds, Bill Cutes, Flower King and English Lad are prominent among the probable starters. As the race has no declaration clause, the size of the field cannot be determined until an hour before the race. If Bearcatcher starts with a good jockey in the seat, he will be worth a bet in this event. He raced well, and with good ones, on the Coast, and is ready.

## CHANCE FOR GOOD GUESSER

Are you a good guesser? There is any amount of chances for a good guesser to make a ten-strike in St. Louis right now, but the St. Louis *Star's* proposition beats all others. The *Star* offers \$25,000 in prizes to the person who makes the closest estimate of recorded admissions at the opening day of the World's Fair, April 30, 1904. For the nearest correct estimate the prize is \$10,000; for the second nearest, \$3,000; for the next fifty, \$100 each, or \$5,000 in all; for the next 300 nearest, \$10 each, \$3,000 in all; and for the next 800 nearest \$5 each, or \$4,000 in all. The conditions of the contest are easy. For every 50 cent monthly subscription to the *Star* one guess is given free; for every 50-cent yearly subscription one estimate is given free; to guess without sending in subscriptions the conditions are two for 50 cents, or five guesses for \$1; twelve guesses for \$2, or thirty estimates for \$5. It looks like easy money.

Kemble, the artist, while sketching in the mountains of Georgia recently, employed an angular "cracker" as a model.

The native, when asked what his hour's work was worth, told Kemble that he thought a dime would be about right. The artist showed him the sketches, and asked what he thought of them. "Wali," was the drawing reply, "seems to me it's mighty puddlin' business for a man to be in, but you must be makin' sumthin' out of it or you couldn't afford to throw away money like this fer jest gettin' a man to stand around doin' nothin'."

It must be good, or we couldn't do it. \$5,000 cigar for ten cents. Ask your dealer.

The higher education: Dolly—"Were you pleased when Charley proposed?" Polly—"Pleased? I came pretty near giving him our college yell."—Puck.

A small fortune—\$5,000—a fine smoke. All for ten cents. Ask your dealer.

# PAINT

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Paint will please  
Some of the people  
Some of the time,  
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**The Horse Shoe Brand**  
The Strictly Pure Kind  
Is made to please  
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BROADWAY AND LOCUST.

SOCIETY

The surprise of the week among the smartest of the smart set was the announcement of the engagement of Miss Emma Whittaker and Mr. Sam C. Davis. Miss Whittaker is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwards Whittaker, and Mr. Davis the second son of the late multi-millionaire, John T. Davis. For a time it was rumored that Mr. Davis would form an alliance with one of the most charming belles of the aristocratic French set, but the latter's engagement and near wedding dispelled that illusion. The wedding will not take place till fall.

The approaching weddings of importance in exclusive circles are those of Miss Mary Euston and Lieutenant Frank Ridgeley, and of Miss Marie Scanlan and Mr. George Dexter Tiffany.

The nuptials of Miss Alice Luedeking and Mr. Trescott Chaplin constituted the important social event of last Saturday.

St. Peter's Episcopal Church was filled with fashionable folks. Miss Anna Louise Luedeking was her sister's only attendant. Mr. Edwin Carter was Mr. Chaplin's best man. A small, informal dinner was served at the Mercantile Club attended by members of the family and their nearest friends. Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin are now in New York. On their return from their wedding journey they will be located at 3705 Hartford street.

Mr. Adolphus Busch, who came back with his family from his California tour in time to attend the Chaplin-Luedeking wedding, has just purchased a beautiful winter home at Pasadena, Cal. The place is known as the John S. Cravens home. A palatial residence will be erected at once, and it is not at all unlikely that it will first be occupied, when Miss Minnie Busch, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Busch, makes her bridal journey to the far West.

Baron Matsudaira gave a typical Japanese dinner at the Hamilton Hotel last Thursday night to members of his com-

mission and World's Fair officials. The decorations were Oriental in character. Among the Baron's foreign guests were Mr. K. N. Ohashi, Mr. Ota, Mr. Sugawa, Mr. Vittorio Zeggio and Mr. H. Yamawaki, Mr. A. Harada, of the University of California, was one of the prominent speakers of the evening.

Mr. Rudolph Knippenberg, who was recently with Mr. and Mrs. Tony Faust, Sr., at Sorrento, has gone to Wiesbaden, where the season is now in full swing.

Mr. and Mrs. Tony Faust and their daughter, Mrs. A. D. Giannini and grand-daughter, Vera, are at Nice, France. From there they will go to Vienna and Munich.

The season is fully under way at French Lick Springs and many prominent St. Louisans are sojourning there. Among the recent arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Catlin, Capt. John A. Scudder, R. Park von Wedelstaedt, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Murphy, Hon. John W. Noble and Miss Leonora B. Halstead, Mrs. J. K. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. James Gay Butler, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Whitelaw, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Farrish, Mr. Henry M. Blossom, Jr., Mr. William J. Lemp, Jr., Mr. H. W. Hudson, Mr. Charles R. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Weaver, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil D. Gregg, and Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Crawford.

Mr. Hunter Ben Jenkins is entertaining Lieut. W. A. Greer, paymaster of the United States gunboat Newport. After a short visit here, his former home, the Lieutenant will go to Shelby, Mo., to visit his sister.

Miss Margaret B. Long is the guest of Miss Elise Castleman, of Louisville, Ky., and is also being entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Thurston Ballard, of that city. She and Miss Marie Ballard will be in St. Louis next week, for the opening of the Fair.

The Blakesley-Collinses have just moved into their new Colonial home at King's highway and Hortense place. The house is finely situated and equipped for liberal World's Fair entertainment, of which Mr. and Mrs. Collins will do their full share.

Lieutenant-Governor Bartlett of Fargo, N. D., who is here for the opening festivities of the World's Fair, has secured apartments at Hotel Beers.

Doctor and Mrs. Griswold Comstock are entertaining for World's Fair opening Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Herbert of Barkston Garden, South Kensington, London. Mrs. Herbert is a native of St. Louis, and a former classmate of Mrs. Comstock.

Mr. and Mrs. James Garneau and their daughter, Miss Marie Garneau, will return from Atlanta, Ga., in time for Opening Day.

Among prominent foreigners now in the city for Opening Day are Mr. Godfrey Durlacher, an English commissioner; Mr. R. Blechynden, Commissioner from India; Mr. Pierre Jansen, Commissioner from Norway; Mr. Louis Vidal, Dutch Commissioner, who arrived from Belgium; Captain H. L. Rokeby, and the Right Honorable Thomas Sinclair, the latter Privy Councillor for Ireland.

Among the prominent English people who will come to St. Louis early in the World's Fair season are the Count and

Scruggs Vandervoort & Barney



Warner's Rust-Proof 600

A novelty Moire Ribbon model, in white and delicate tints of blue and pink; made for the "Gibsonesque" girl or to be worn with negligee ease by the woman with the medium figure.

Price \$3.50

Warner's Rust-proof, Model 483, is a light corset of Batiste, a reliable fabric which resists the strain, fitting smoothly and beautifully, shaping the form into the up-to-date-figure style; white. Price, a pair..... \$1.00

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Hair Ornaments, Stationery,  
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Leather Goods.

SPECIAL.

Newest fad "Peggy from Paris" hand  
bag, braided leather handle, soft  
crushed leather, neat, yet roomy, all  
the newest colors, including the ex-  
clusive Champagne, Tan, Brown  
and Black, Unusual value, only... 98c each

The PALACE  
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THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE NOVELTY  
HOUSE IN ST. LOUIS.  
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MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY.

Countess of Essex, who are now in New York. The Countess was Miss Adele Grant, a leading American belle.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Van Blarcom have as their Opening Day guests Mrs. A. Demainge and Miss Julia Hodge, of Bloomington, Ill.

Captain and Mrs. Frank L. Ridgeley will return from their Eastern jaunt in time for the opening festivities.

Many prominent society matrons and young girls are sojourning at Eureka Springs, where recent arrivals at the Crescent Hotel from St. Louis are stay-

After the theater, before the matinee, or when down town shopping, the

Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

Schoen's  
Orchestra

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THE  
ODEON

All the Popular Music,  
Bell Phone, Lindell 122

ing: Mrs. C. B. Tracy, Helen Tracy, Jr., Miss Nellie Tracy, Miss Manette Paschall, Miss Carol West, Miss Julia Knapp, Mrs. Emily Wickham, Miss Frances Wickham, Misses Dwight, P. F. Davis, C. W. Moore, G. F. Richards, C. H. Morrill, Ralph McKittrick, Eugene Pettis, Hugh McK. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Taussig, Mrs. Edward Paramore and son, Mr. Cliff Hawkins, Mrs. Gardner McKnight, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Stockstrom, Mrs. Kate Chopin and daughter, Miss Lella Chopin.

Mr. Vincent Kerens treated his friends at Eureka Springs to a pleasant surprise with a horseback ride to Berryville, a distance of fourteen miles, and a luncheon there, returning in the evening. It was a merry party.

Mrs. C. B. Tracy of Eureka Springs entertained a party of eight young couples with a ride to Blue Springs, where they were served an elegant chicken lunch.

Revs. T. J. Aylward and E. A. Bolger leave for St. Louis on Saturday, having sojourned at the Crescent for a several weeks' visit.

Mrs. F. P. Hunkins, Miss Estelle Bushman, Miss Hazel Thompson, Mr. Walter McKittrick, Mr. W. B. Crouch and wife, Miss Nellie Crouch of St. Louis are guests at Eureka Springs.

Mr. Emil S. Fischer, a member of the Austrian Imperial World's Fair Commission, arrived last week from Vienna, and is a guest at the Southern Hotel.



Hogan—That fellow Dooley has put his foot in it again. Logan—How's that? Hogan—Why he's bought a new pair of shoes and didn't patronize Swope's, 311 N. Broadway, the place to get good shoes.

#### DRAMATIC

Annie Russell—forty—and the living embodiment of the ingenue of seventeen—is the quintessence of impression one carries away from the performance of "Mice and Men" at the Olympic this week. It seems incredible in the face of birth certificates and years of memory, that an artiste whom we have seen in sterner parts years ago, can come down to the sweet simplicity and girlish gush of the youngest ingenue. Is it trickery, or is it natural? Or, both? If the former, it is the grandest of art. If the latter, what a happy fellow Mr. Oswald Yorke must be! If both, then art and nature have created a stage masterpiece, the like of which has never been seen before. Miss Russell's voice is that of the youngest of maidens; her figure so slight that it suggests the mere budding of the child into maidenhood; her movements as impulsive as those of a scampering girl in schoolday frolic. Gradually, as the play demands, she changes into a bit of a woman, whose heart unfolds to the love of man. This transition is so artistically painted out, that the spectator is convincingly carried along with the progress of the story. That this story is commonplace does not detract from its loveliness. Sol Smith Russell had a play with just such a story, where he was guardian and a young, untutored thing his ward. Think of it, Mr. Russell and Miss Russell in this play of "Mice and Men!" It would have been divine, for the Mark Enderby of John Mason was too noisy a study to fit into the artistic frame. Mr. Yorke, as the soldierly lover, was thoroughly satisfying. A bright gem of the performance was Mrs. Gilbert's portrayal of the dear old lady of the household.

**S**HIRTS should possess style, it is an essential feature of a well-dressed man's attire.

Certainly!

You can expect best satisfaction when sharing the results of our great effort to give exclusive fashions and best workmanship.

No other shop can compare with the elegance and variety of our showings. Prices no higher than you'll pay for less value—95c to \$4.50.

Coat shirts and four sleeve lengths.

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The Republic Building,  
On Olive Street at Seventh.

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PEARLS,  
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**DIAMONDS**

EMERALDS,  
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AMETHYSTS.

#### LADIES' DIAMOND RINGS

Solitaires, perfect in color and cutting, also the new Princess and Banquet rings, all diamonds or combined with other precious stones.

¶ The diamond is the birthstone for April—hence diamonds are most appropriate for birthday or other gifts this month. Our choice collection offers assurance of gratifying the most varied tastes—our prices are very low.

#### GENTLEMEN'S DIAMOND RINGS

We invite special attention to our rarely beautiful designs in hand-carved gold, gentlemen's rings, in rose or Art Nouveau finish, with single diamond.

Diamonds Mounted in Artistic Design to Order.

SEVENTH **F. W. DROSTEN** PINE and  
and PINE. SEVENTH



**LARGEST AND HANDSOMEST  
RESTAURANT**

IN ST. LOUIS

Three Large, Separate Dining  
Rooms and Several Smaller  
Rooms for Private Dinner  
Parties.

Chemical Building, 8th and Olive St.

Music by Vogel's Orchestra Every Evening

She played herself in an eighteenth century setting. "Mice and Men" is attractive, winsome and wholesome. It is evenly delightful from beginning to end.

Richard Mansfield, in repertoire, is coming to the Olympic Theater next week. His programme is Monday and Wednesday night, "Ivan the Terrible;" Tuesday, Thursday night, and at the Saturday matinee, "Old Heidelberg;" Friday night, "Beau Brummel;" Saturday night, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Lew Dockstader, the genial, and his troupe of minstrels, came back to the Century Theater this week for a return engagement. Minstrelsy will always have its full quota of friends, as dispensed by Mr. Dockstader it is especially agreeable. The aerial pickle in which Mr. Dockstader makes his ascent and delivers his most catchy joking and singing numbers, is again the hit of the performance. In order to be in fashion the popular minstrel follows his mid-air scene with one in an automobile, which arouses enthusiasm. Mr. Dockstader is accompanied by the same good artists who were with him on his first visit early in the season.

Mr. Kirk La Shelle announces for next week at the Century Theater Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay in New York's big comedy hit, "The Earl of Pawtucket."

A popular return engagement at the Grand Opera House is that of Murray and Mack, in "A Night on Broadway." The farce, which was pleasing on first view, is even more so now. It has been

"up-to-dated" with a host of pretty girls, new scenery, and good singing talent. Ollie Mack is one of the most versatile comedians on the American stage. As Richard Roe, he is convincingly funny. Charlie Murray gets off bunches of original jokes, and old ones, which sound new, at least, and make the audience believe that they have never heard them before. A comedian who can take an old joke and dress it up in strange clothes is mighty good in these days of "nothing new under the sun."

"Hoity Toity," that excellent musical skit in serial form, will be the next attraction at the Grand Opera House.

The German Stock Company at the Odeon achieved great success with its production of "Madame Sans-Gene," Sardou's comedy, which was presented for the first time in German in St. Louis. Though difficult to produce, the performance vied with the best of those made here on the English stage. To-night Director Rautenberg, orchestral leader, will have his benefit. He will present "Preciosa," the Carl Maria von Weber work, which is one of the musical gems of light operas. But for the fact that Weber had written a wonderfully attractive score, the story would furnish a theme for grand opera. It will be sung with Leona Bergere in the title role. For the last Sunday performance of the season the Heinemann-Welb Stock Company will present Ernst von Wolzogen's laughing success, "Das Lumpengesindel," a tragi-comedy in three acts. This play is given by general request. It is full of fun, and has enough

of the element of the serious to make the jollity all the more contrasting.

Victory Bateman is the heroine of "Deserted at the Altar," the melodrama which is holding forth at the Imperial Theater. Miss Bateman is too well known as an emotional actress to need any further comment than to say that she is just the sort of star, who can bring out all the melodramatic qualities of the performance. Robert Sanford plays the leading part of *Jewell Darrell*. A prominent climax is that of an automobile ride. The motor carriage is pursued by a bicycle, showing a panoramic view of the passing country. The fire scene on the great Hoboken docks is thrillingly portrayed. Next Sunday's play at the Imperial is "Sandy Bottom," to be given with handsome scenic investiture and a capital company.

At the Standard Theater the Al Reeves Burlesquers are drawing large houses. The show is excellent in all respects. While Mr. Reeves leads as star performer, there are a number of clever specialty people the most popular among them being Van Der Koor, who is announced as the rival of Kellar, the sleight-of-hand artist. Van Der Koor's methods as a magician are certainly original. Besides the new tricks which he performs, he presents several old ones in inimitable style and with a dexterity that is unequaled even by Kellar. Andy Lewis and company in a sketch called "The Scout," make a hit, and the others are none the less popular because they are not mentioned here in detail. The next attraction at the Standard is the "Trocadero Burles-

quers," good people with first-class specialists.

"Hamlet Revamped," which has been rehearsed by the Christ Church Cathedral Choristers' Society for the last month, will be the Odeon event next Tuesday night, April 26. Society has already signified its intention of full attendance by securing boxes and parquette seats in round numbers. As a musical hit the Soule travesty is one of the most entertaining ever presented. A half hundred of the most catchy airs from noted operas have been set to topical and comic songs, in solo, duo, trio and chorus numbers. In the chorus the entire choir of Christ Church will participate, Prof. Darby, the organizer of the choir, directing. The female characters will all be taken by members of the choir in gorgeous costumes. A revised list of the cast is as follows:

*The Ghost of Hamlet*,  
Mr. A. R. Schollmeyer  
*The Ghost's Voice*. Mr. Claude Ricketts  
*Hamlet*, the Ghost's Son,  
Mr. Ben Becker  
*Horatio* .... Mr. William Porteus  
*Polonius* .... Mr. Sam C. Black  
*Claudius* ..... Mr. Arthur J. Grote  
*Getrude*, Queen of Denmark,  
Mr. Nat Hazard  
*Ophelia* ..... Mr. George L. Belfry

#### THE MILLINERY MENU

(Spring bonnets are to be trimmed with small fruits; flowers will appear in the summer designs. This is done to prevent the women from wearing the spring hats all summer.—*Millinery edict*.)

A few potatoes on the brim,  
Arranged in some artistic plan,  
Will put the wearer in the swim,  
But only through the month of Jan.

Some early lettuce, torn to shreds  
And woven in a dainty web,  
Will nod upon the stylish heads  
That know what is the mode for Feb.

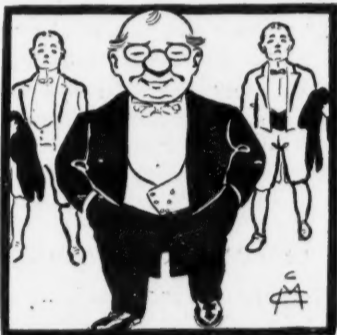
Young onions of the palest green,  
Arranged to form a swaying arch  
Of tossing tops, will soon be seen  
As quite the only thing for March.

Strawberries, with a net of lace  
That simulates the light whipped cream,  
Will form a finish for the face  
That April's styles will cause to gleam.

A bunch of cherries, and green peas,  
And little apples, too, will sway  
Upon the bonnets that will please  
The fashionable folk in May.

A wreath of roses—bear in mind  
That they must not come in too soon.  
You're out of style if we should find  
You wearing them preceding June.

The morning-glory hat will be  
The idol of each woman's eye,  
When garnished with skyrockets, she  
Will see it flourish in July.



The Saturday Evening Post advises, "Young men, if you would succeed, wear out two Dress Suits per year."

The idea is that every young man should develop the full possibilities of social life—lose no chance to extend his acquaintance with the prominent men one meets at social affairs in a much more intimate way than is possible during business hours.

But one is certainly at a disadvantage if not flawlessly attired—which is but another way of saying attired in a MacCarthy-Evans Dress Suit. \$45 to \$75.

**MacCarthy-Evans Tailoring Co.,**  
Medium-Grade Prices.  
High-Grade Tailoring.  
816-820 Olive, Main 2647.  
The Post Office is Opposite



## "What's the use in Running When You're Not On the Right Track?"

You housewives who are toiling hard to get good out of the coal stove—you are running on the wrong track. You can't make dirt clean, hard work easy, nor bad good. Neither can you reach the goal of cleanliness, ease, economy and efficiency through the coal stove.

Get on the right track. Cook with Gas. And then if you want cool, clean, comfortable kitchens—you are wanting only what you can get—and get right easily.

**COOK WITH GAS**  
**The Laclede Gas Light Co.**  
716 LOCUST ST.

The poppy hat—now, do not let  
Your recollection slip a cog.  
To be in fashion, don't forget  
You must wear poppy hats in Aug.

The golden wheat and rye, through  
which  
The zephyrs of the summer crept,  
Will make a bonnet rare and rich  
And rule the thirty days of Sept.

If you should wear chrysanthemums,  
Your friends would be extremely  
shocked  
Should you forget that bonnet comes  
Upon the fashion stage in Oct.

A turkey wing and pumpkin shell  
Are millinery's treasure trove—  
You'll find that they'll do very well  
To show you up to date in Nov.

A Christmas-tree, with ornaments  
Of tinsel balls and candle grease,  
Will make a hat that represents  
The nobbiest design of Dec.  
—*Chicago Tribune*.

#### A SOFT ANSWER

An Irishman was called upon to give evidence in a shooting affray.  
"Did you see that shot fired?" asked the magistrate.  
"No, sor; but I heard it," replied the witness.  
"That is not satisfactory. Step down,"  
As the Irishman turned to go he laughed, and was rebuked by the mag-

istrate, who told him it was contempt of court.

"Did yez see me laugh?" z  
"No; but I heard you."  
"That is not satisfactory."  
And then the court laughed.—*Green Bag (Boston)*.

Teacher—"Who was Joan of Arc?"  
Pupil—"Why—er—Noah's wife."—*Princeton Tiger*.

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is the most beautiful and up-to-date  
ART MAGAZINE Published.

It is complete in its survey of  
American Art in particular and the  
World's Art in general.

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### THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO MARCH NUMBER

contains seven color plates, with a reproduction of a Water Color by WHISTLER; and a fully illustrated article, both critical and descriptive, by CHARLES H. CAFFIN, on the Pennsylvania Academy Exhibition at Philadelphia.

John Lane, 67 5th Av., N. Y.

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EVERYTHING MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES

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The most complete assortment in the  
city. The Shaw-Walker Vertical Filing  
System will be cheerfully shown. Stop  
in and have it explained to you.

616-618 WASHINGTON AVENUE.

## NEW BOOKS

Mr. Charles W. Leadbeater, M. R. A. S., of London, England, a well-known writer on Theosophical subjects, who recently lectured in this city, has added another work to his series of theosophical treatises, "The Other Side of Death," in which he gives to the world the results of twenty years of patient, laborious, scientific investigation into things unseen, and describes many of his personal experiences in occult and spiritualistic investigations. Another of his books is "Man, Visible and Invisible," which represents an entirely novel idea—the endeavor to depict in colors the appearance to trained clairvoyant vision of the higher bodies of man. This book contains 26 magnificent colored plates, and is quite unique. Mr. Leadbeater's other books are, "An Outline of Theosophy," "Clairvoyance," "Dreams, Invisible Helpers," "The Christian Creed," "The Astral Plane," and "The Devachanic Plane." John Lane of New York is the publisher.

"The Fishers;" a novel, by J. Henry Harris, from the press of John Lane, New York, is the story of fishermen, particularly of the struggles of one man, more enlightened than his fellows, endeavoring to introduce into his community the new law of progress, and to wipe out all traces of the gross superstition and ancient paganism which prevailed in the little fishing villages of his district—recognizing the fact that they were, metaphorically speaking, "between the tides, between the life that was and the life that is going to be; in the gray mist between night and morning." Mr. Harris is a well-known writer on social, economic and educational subjects, and also the editor of a standard biography of Robert Raikes. Having retired from parliamentary and legal work in London, he has settled down amongst the fisher-folk, and is an authority on harbors of refuge and life-saving appliances at sea. He is also the author of several novels, dealing with the inner life and fast vanishing superstitions in Cornwall. The price of "The Fishers" is \$1.50.

"The North Star," by M. E. Henry-

Ruffin is another romance from the time of the Vikings. It is a tale of love and adventure with the historically handsome King Olaf Tryggveson as the hero. The tale opens with a scene at a fair in Ireland, where Olaf meets a pretty Irish princess. Later he returns to Norway, where he is crowned king. The story is full of stirring incident and rapid action.



## THE CIRCUS IS COMING

All that was needed to complete the great carnival of fun and frolic which is now on tap in St. Louis was a circus, and this will be on hand Monday, when the most marvelous show ever gotten together, the Ringling Brothers' immense spectacular circus, goes into camp before its parade, at Handlan's Park, Laclede and Grand avenues. Circuses have come and gone, but the show that the five Ringlings have prepared with wealth and intelligence, goes on growing day by day, year by year. It is now in the zenith of its spectacular glory, and in this respect it is unequalled. There is no end to its attractions and wonders. It is second only to the great World's Fair, and in some respects surpasses the great exposition.

Here may be found in this great canvas city representatives of every race of people on the earth, as well as specimens of all animal life, all of which have never before been shown by any one circus.

To present this show Ringling Brothers have a small army of workmen and performers, nearly 1,000 all told. The show is made up of fully 100 interesting, superb arenic acts, in which no less than 375 of the best performers in the world appear. It is, in fact, six circuses in one.

Perhaps the most wonderful of all the great sights that awaits the public is the reckless, life-risking act of Crazo, the dashing cyclist, who wheels on wind over a 52-foot space, looping the gap. There are other daring feats of the trapeze performers and wire-walkers, and all are doing new and more difficult tricks. Even the animals in Ringlings are performers. There are three herds

of elephants, trained to do everything an elephant can do, and many things that no trainer has ever before attempted.

And the educated seals are, indeed, a source of wonder to all observers. The horses are really wonderful in their intelligent performances, and no such animal show has ever been presented. Besides these attractions, there are with the show an army of trained riders, equestriennes and dancers, bicycle experts, acrobats, and a host of men and women celebrated for their artistic performances.

The features entitled, "Jerusalem and the Crusades," and the grand ballet, present two of the greatest attractions of the spectacular kind ever seen in any circus. The scenes are varied and gorgeous, and have won admiration from thousands.

The parade of the circus, its animals and performers, will take place Monday morning at 9 o'clock, and will be three miles long.

The circus will give two performances daily at 2 p. m. and 8 p. m. Fifty cents pays admission to every part of the show. Children under 12 years will be admitted at half price. Tickets may be purchased at Bollman Bros., 1120 Olive street.



## CAUSE OF NIGHTMARE

"Nightmare is becoming so common a trouble among the people of this country—especially those living in the big cities—that the real cause and nature of the disease is being more carefully studied now by physicians than formerly," said Dr. H. C. Erskine of St. Paul, Minn., the other day. "The real agony of nightmare, you know, is the effort to wake up and the inability to do so. The lungs refuse to frame a cry, and the limbs will not act. The victim is as though smitten by universal paralysis. Every muscle in the body is locked fast—with one exception, those of the neck, which remain subject to the will.

"No sure remedy has as yet been discovered. The best thing I know for the trouble—I have cured not a few of my patients suffering from it, and have afforded great relief to others—is this: If the sufferer will remember to shake

his head as though saying 'Yes' or 'No'—it makes no difference which movement is made—he will wake at once. The difficulty, of course, is, first to know that one is dreaming, and second to remember what to do, both of which imply a certain amount of thought, more perhaps than most of us suppose we command in sleep. I believe it is true, however, that the majority of people do realize in an indistinct way that they are dreaming. There is then only the remembering, and that is more or less a matter of strongly impressing the mind before lying down to rest. A mental effort, properly directed, will substitute in place of the impulse to cry out an impulse to shake or roll the head. Why the neck muscles should be the only ones remaining under control I do not quite know, but their nearness to the brain most likely accounts for the fact.

"I have found that patients of strong will power suffering from nightmare are the most likely to be cured by the system I have explained to you."



## OLD MAIDS IN INDIA

No institution of India has been so exaggerated as that of the widow. She really occupies a place analogous to our antique "old maid," now so fast disappearing in the girl bachelor. The aged widow who has remained true to her principles is regarded as a holy being who has withstood a thousand temptations and persecutions, and commands the respect of a saint from all persons. She is the mother of all the children in the neighborhood, the helpmate of all the neighbors. At evening they flock around to hear her repeat the ancient legends, the stories of Sita and Saivtri, Draupdia, or sing the songs of Mira Bai. She is in great demand when cooking is needed for a sacred feast. She teaches the little ones their first hymns and prayers. She nurses the sick, comforts the dying. She believes herself to be bound to her husband for everlasting time, through all births and deaths. The momentary separation here is but one shade of her marriage, an unknowable mystery of destiny—it breaks no tie.—Everybody's Magazine.

## THE STYLE SLEUTH'S TASK

Who sets men's fashions? And how? And where? And when?

You can set women's fashions in the making if you know where to look. There are certain places in New York, London and Paris where the faithful gather about the high priests who have this matter in keeping and peep reverently at the modish feminine things that will be worn next year.

They peep, these disciples, and tell others. Then there are rumors which become distorted and diluted, and filter down through all the race of woman-kind. Women's fashions are easy.

Men's fashions are different.

He is a shy bird, man. He doesn't like to admit that he follows fashions at all. That smacks of the fop.

"I wear what pleases me," he says decidedly.

And so he does. Yet he follows fashions as slavishly as women. What he shall wear is decreed, though he will not admit it. He may not know what the fashion is, yet it rules him.

Dame Fashion shrouds the origin of men's modes in mystery. There is no inner sanctuary where the faithful can gather to see what will be worn next winter.

Men's fashions originate in dozens of places and at all seasons. Tracing them is real detective work. One not trained to it might as well try to isolate the germ of smallpox.

There are clues to men's styles as absolute as mathematics, however. By finding such clues and running them down the fashion sleuth makes his living.

The fashion sleuth is a reporter for a fashion journal, usually. He is not a rarity in New York. Fashion journals read by men are not plentiful, but those that go to tailors, bootmakers, haberdashers, manufacturers of collars, shirts, cravats and what not serve a very useful purpose.

Their readers must catch the manners as they rise and embody them in actual fabrics, ready to wear. The fashion sleuth undertakes to keep these practical people informed. He is eminently practical himself. It is plain business, with as little foppishness in it as may be.

He is present at the opera and the horse show in winter, the sleuth. He dines at the big restaurants, is along the avenue—there is only one avenue for the fashion sleuth—at the clubs and hotels, among the crowds at all places where well dressed people congregate in this gay metropolis.

A little man with the writer's face, very fond of sitting back in corners, he goes up and down the town throughout the winter, watching, walking past, occasionally to look closer, verifying, comparing and making mental notes of a hundredth part, perhaps, of all he sees. Not more than that. The rest is dross.

All the studied, striking effects in men's clothes, all the far-fetched things, are disregarded. The little details make the fashions. It needs a trained eye to see them.

The shape of a collar worn at the Horse show last winter may have had in it the model of the collar that will be worn next winter. The cut of a waistcoat, the kind of cuff ends, the color of a handkerchief border, the manner of wearing the watch or its absence—these are important. The sleuth is capable of discovering that some men wear no suspenders at any time, and that even their evening clothes are sustained by a belt.

What is worn is the first consideration. The next is—who wears it?

Men's fashions in this country are set by no one man, or dozen men, or hundred. There is no arbiter of fashion, and never will be, the sleuth says. But in New York there are several hundred men whose taste is instinctive.

What they adopt has a good chance to be taken up by others—not because they wear it, but because it is a practical, necessary, genuine improvement in man's garb. Men take up nothing unless it appears to them to be sensible.

The sleuth not only detects novelties, but is expected to judge whether they will endure. Only one new thing in fifty survives, as a rule. The rest are fads that die out in a few weeks after running a course in a very small circle. \*It makes no odds who wears the fadish things. They count for nothing. The real fashion must have merits that will carry it from the small circle to a greater one, and to a greater yet, until it becomes national, surviving often for years after in the cheapest article of men's wear.

The sleuth takes a good many trips out of town, too, particularly in summer. Easter finds him at Atlantic City. All the resorts come under his eye—Newport, Long Branch, Saratoga, Palm Beach.

Fashions are bred there in the dress that goes with outdoor life.

Sometimes the incompatibilities of formal clothes and those worn for sports at these places give the sleuth a hard knot to unravel. Last summer, for instance, the dinner jacket was worn with the straw hat at Saratoga, Long Branch and other places that are important in his eyes. This was an emergency calling for immediate action.

The sleuth got excited. From one resort to another he went, and everywhere he saw this new combination. Had

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ST. LOUIS.

the long threatened doom of formal dress been sounded at last?

Finally, he got to Newport, and there the dinner jacket and straw hat had not become affinities. So the sleuth wrote for his journal a lofty paragraph announcing that his eternal faith in the severely formal had been indorsed again.

In September the sleuth appears on the streets of New Haven and Cambridge. What the college men wear is a factor in the fashions, particularly the Yale men.

He also keeps his educated eye on the crack haberdashers and tailors along the avenue. They do not originate fashions. But they originate novelties in dress that may be taken up in the right quarter and made modish.

Lastly, there is London.

That men's fashions come from "dear old Lunnnon" is now only a vaudeville gag. London is simply on a footing with all other factors—it may originate things that will appeal to tasteful men in this country and be adopted because they fit American life and character.

England produced the dinner jacket. Its popularity in this country is permanent, but the Briton has practically abandoned it. The sleuth does not go to London, but there are English fashion sleuths who write monthly letters to the New York journals devoted to dress.

With all his skill there is an element of the unexpected in fashions. Long after the sleuth has gathered his clews,

and manufacturers have made up their season's stocks, the public may develop a fool notion and bring some insignificant article of wear into demand on a great wave of popularity.

"It will be many a year before we forget the high-fold collar—the one with double folds that cost so much to make and sells for the same price," says the sleuth. "That came from France originally."

"An American tourist saw it in Paris, where only a few were worn. He brought home a single specimen. He must have been a descendant of the man who brought the first English sparrows to this country."

"This single collar was sent to a haberdasher in Boston, with orders to make a dozen. The haberdasher liked the novelty, and made a dozen for himself. Then his brother-in-law wanted a dozen, and he gave three to a friend."

"In an incredibly short period the high-fold collars swept over the entire country, for it was a good thing. Men and women, boys and girls, rich and poor, the fastidious and the sloven—all took it up."

"For several seasons hardly anything else has been sold, despite the efforts of manufacturers to divert attention to other styles. Only last winter the high fold was replaced to some extent with wing collars. But the high fold will be back again this summer—it will always be a summer article."



**Glassware**

is most appreciated when the color, the cut and the finish are such as characterize all pieces bearing the stamp of

**Dorflinger**

*Glassware*

"Sometimes the manufacturer plays the inspired idiot and introduces the English sparrow into the field that produces his bread and butter. Wide four-in-hand cravats were in vogue about the time the high fold collars appeared.

"These cravats were not economical to cut, for from each one was clipped a long narrow strip of expensive silk that could be used for no other cravat. This waste ate into profits, and finally a manufacturer hit on the idea of making these pieces into long four-in-hands, extremely narrow. Midget cravats they were called.

"Everybody made them. The large cravats sold at \$1 or \$2, while the midgets were intended for popular price trade, selling at 25 and 50 cents.

"But the public found the midget just the thing to tie easily in the new high fold collars, and they were bought to the neglect of the large shapes. The latter went begging, and thousands of dollars were lost in the trade by a plan intended to increase profits.

"These are the mischances. Long experience in watching clothes and the men who wear them enables us to tell real fashions from fleeting fads. Sometimes we are wrong, but more often we are right.

"Clothes are continually undergoing evolution. The modification in a collar or waistcoat this summer will have spread everywhere by next season because it is a good thing. The fashion expert is an evolutionist, and traces the process from the first.

"Every fashion has its reason for appealing to men. The oddest part of the whole business is that while the mode rules everybody so few men know it."—*New York Sun*.



GLORY QUAYLE

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### SECOND SIGHT

From the very beginning of Norwegian history, the Finns of the far north have been credited with supernatural powers. The following curious instance of second sight, related by a witness, will be read with interest by many:

"In the year 1864, I visited Vadsø along with the mate of the ship B. I had at that time very little faith in fortune tellers, whether men or women, and I had the same ideas as to second sight. One day when we went ashore, we met a Finn, whom B accosted, asking him if he could read his fortune for him. 'I shall try,' said the Finn, and seized his hand, gazing fixedly into his eyes. He stood thus for a little, and then said, 'You have unkind thoughts about your wife, but it would be well for you, if you were as faithful as she is. When you go on board you will get a letter from her with something in it; what it is I do not know, but it will confirm my words. You will not be much longer here where you are now, mate.'

"B. asked: 'Shall I become Captain?' 'No, that you never will, answered the Finn; 'you will remain at sea for some years, and then you will go home and get ill.'

"As he spoke the Finn let go B's hand, and he stood looking thoughtfully down.

"Can you not tell me anything more?" asked B.

"I will tell you nothing more," said the Finn.

"But B. insisted, he would hear more.

"Very well then, listen," said the Finn, 'when you go home and fall sick, you will die, but not at home—in a madhouse.'

"B. did not give the Finn anything, and we went on board. As soon as we got there, B. received a letter from his wife with a forget-me-not in it, which turned our conversation to the Finn: two months later, B. was laid off from the ship where I met him. B. never became captain. I visited him once or twice afterwards in his own home. After a lapse of four or five years, I was going to visit him again; on arriving at his home I found that B. had died a month ago at Gaustad Lunatic Asylum.

"Let who can answer me. How could the Finn know about the letter, about his departure from the ship, his illness and death, if he had not possessed a spirit of prophecy!"



A \$5,000 cigar for ten cents may mean \$5,000 in gold for you. Ask your dealer.



Mr. Quarles—"Well, I see old Gold-man is dead, and leaves upward of three millions. Wouldn't you like to be his widow?"

Mrs. Quarles (sweetly)—"No, dear, nothing could possibly delight me more than just to be yours."—*Public Ledger*.



On Guard: Footman—"A newspaper reporter wishes to interview you, sir."

Great Man—"Did you not tell him I was hoarse—could hardly speak?"

Footman—"Certainly, sir. But he as-



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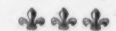
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ers who overcharged him, it would have cost him five or six dollars more than he paid. He didn't gratify them, but he went home and wrote a piece about them. The piece was worth at least \$50. We see, therefore, that in a short time in New York he acquired fifty dollars' worth of experience for six dollars, which he did not have to pay. Where on earth are such bargains to be found as in New York?—*Harper's Weekly*.



When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.



Fond Mother—Tommy, darling, this is your birthday. What would you like best to do?

Tommy, darling (after a moment's reflection)—I think I should enjoy seeing the baby spanked.



"Would you rather be right than be President?" "No, but I'd rather be the hackmen, barbers, waiters, and oth-wrong than be Vice-President."—*Puck*.

sured me he would only ask questions which you could answer by a nod or a shake of the head."

Great Man—"Then tell him I have a stiff neck."—*London Tid-Bits*.



### PHILADELPHIAN IN NEW YORK

A man came to New York to spend a few days. He had pecuniary experiences as follows: A railroad cabman wanted 85 cents for bringing him to his hotel;—proper charge, 35 cents. The hotel news-stand wanted 10 cents for a newspaper;—proper charge, 3 cents. Fee to waiter for dinner, 15 cents; waiter grumbled and was reported. Cab to the theater, charge, \$2;—proper charge, \$1. For one hundred violets, charge, \$8; paid \$4. Theater, all seats sold, referred to speculators; summoned manager and got two excellent seats forthwith. Cab back to hotel, charge, \$2.50; paid \$1. Crackers and milk for lunch, charge, 60 cents;—appeal to manager; paid 20 cents. An antique shop wanted \$75 for a bogus Delft plate; protest; plate reduced to \$3. Five-dollar and-irons offered to visitor for \$40. Worked-over print offered him as original drawing. For hair-cut and shampoo, charge, \$1—paid 60 cents. For moving trunks, charge, \$1.50;—paid 50 cents. Hack to ferry, charge, \$2.50;—paid \$1.25. Relating these experiences in greater detail than we have given, he winds up—"And I don't think I look 'from the country' either." He was not from the country. His name is Edward Bok, and he divulged these experiences in his own periodical. What is there about Philadelphia that a man from there should make so curious an impression on industrial New York? Never mind. If Mr. Bok had gratified the demands of all the hackmen, barbers, waiters, and oth-wrong than be Vice-President."—*Puck*.

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For the nearest correct estimate of the total recorded admissions.....	\$10,000
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For the next 50 nearest, \$100 each.....	5,000
For the next 300 nearest, \$10.00 each.....	3,000
For the next 800 nearest, \$5.00 each.....	4,000
In all there will be given, 1,152 cash prizes amounting to.....	\$25,000

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Write your name, post-office and State plainly.

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No one connected with The St. Louis Star, directly or indirectly, will be permitted to make estimates under any circumstances.

This contest closes April 29, 1904, at midnight, and all estimates received after that time will be rejected.

If there is a tie in the estimates of two or more persons for any one of the prizes the amount thereof will be equally divided.

After the opening day of the Fair, April 30, 1904, awards will be made upon the certificate of the Secretary of the World's Fair of the number of recorded admissions on the above date, which will be officially certified to under the seal of the World's Fair Company. The following committee of St. Louis merchants will act as judges in awarding prizes: GEO. M. WRIGHT, vice-president and manager Wm. Barr Dry Goods Co.; CHAS. W. NUGENT, second vice-president Nugent & Bro. Dry Goods Co.; SIGMUND BAER, secretary and treasurer of Grand-Leader; M. SCHOENBERG, president of the May Co., and the names of the successful contestants will be published in the Daily, Sunday and Semi-Weekly Star as soon as the awards have been made.

#### VALUABLE INFORMATION

To aid in forming your estimate, we furnish the official figures showing the number of admissions on the opening days of the following World's Fairs:

World's Fair, Philadelphia, 1876, Opening Day .....	186,672
World's Fair, Chicago, Ill., 1893, Opening Day .....	137,557
Dedication Day of The World's Fair, (St. Louis, Mo., April 30, 1903 .....	103,337

ST. LOUIS STAR, ST. LOUIS, MO.

## THE STOCK MARKET

Nothing of a really important nature transpired in the past week to influence stock market values to any perceptible extent either way. Trading, taken as a whole, had a perfunctory, professional aspect. Price movements were narrow and languid, and public interest was again at a disappointingly low ebb. In some obscure stocks, including the well-known "cats and dogs," spasmodic advances took place under shrewd manipulative guidance, but these had very little effect on representative issues. Among the rank and file of traders the opinion predominates that the present sort of market is likely to continue for weeks to come. The only thing that could be expected to arouse a better inquiry for stocks on the part of the public would be such a display of stamina, such an irresistible tendency in prices to move upward as would convince all doubting Thomases that general speculative conditions were again making for betterment all along the line.

Up to this time no reliable evidence of a stiffening, rising tendency can be detected, though it must be admitted by every competent observer that values have of late held their own fairly well and offered strong resistance to all determined bear attacks. For the nonce, as stated before in this place, the market is transitional in its character and actions. Influential operators are awaiting the outcome of the crops and more satisfactory evidence of improvement in Europe. It may well be that the approaching presidential campaign has also some deterrent effect. While all indications point towards the nomination and election of President Roosevelt, cautious people will, nevertheless, be inclined to keep close to shore until conditions have simplified themselves to such a degree as to do away with all further doubts of the final result and to make a continuance of sound and profitable commercial and industrial activity a reasonable certainty.

Far-seeing speculative leaders are closely watching developments in the world of transportation. Late monthly statements of several important railroad companies have not been at all gratify-

ing. Even some of the recent weekly returns have failed to come up to previous good records. While officials persist in expressing optimistic expectations, it must become patent to all thinking traders that there is a perplexing uncertainty as to future probabilities. The cost of labor and material is still as high as it ever was, while the movement of traffic has latterly been showing a disquieting tendency to fall off. Statistical figures reported from Chicago in the last few weeks have led to ominous deductions in tone-giving Wall street circles.

However, it may well be that these signs of a decreasing traffic movement are deceptive. They have often been found to be so, under similar conditions. After the disappearance of the customary dullness and suspense precedent and incident to all Presidential campaigns, it would not be at all surprising to see a palpable change for the better in railroad conditions, especially if the crops of the three leading staples should reach proportions satisfying all reasonable expectations.

The incessant borrowing of funds, against short-time collateral, on the part of various railroad companies is not liked. The late loans contracted by the Baltimore & Ohio have called forth sharp criticism in Wall street's conservative circles. It is feared that this constant mortgaging of the future must eventually lead to unpleasant results. While it may be said that the railroads need the money, the obvious question remains to be answered: "Why should any company borrow large amounts of funds when it is paying dividends on its shares? It is not to be assumed that these loans will be redeemed when they fall due. Most likely they will be renewed at date of maturity by the issuance of new mortgage bonds.

Of course, such considerations are not of immediate value or bearing. The quickly living and nimbly reasoning Wall street professional pays little or no heed to them, however much they may be pondered by the man who conducts his speculative operations on a large basis. For the present, the market is drifting aimlessly and quickly responds to pertinent news. The "talent" simply plays and dallies, while the "heavy-weights" are making their calculations ahead. On the result of these calculations must depend the ultimate fate of the market, and not on the petty trading of "scalpers" and "tail-enders."

Sterling exchange continues stiff. This should foreshadow additional shipments of gold to Europe. The amount of these shipments hinges upon conjectures as to the probability of large borrowings this coming summer by Russia and Japan. Both countries are believed to be already feeling their way in Berlin, Paris and London. It does not seem, however, judging by prevailing appearances, as though there were much danger of a heavy outflow of gold between now and July 1st. The reduction in the official rate of discount of the Bank of England would intimate that money is something like a drug in Europe's financial centers, temporarily at least.

Union Pacific weakened considerably latterly. The idiotic rumors of a few weeks ago, connecting this property with

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conjectures growing out of the dissolution of the Northwestern merger, have entirely disappeared, it would seem. The speculative community is slowly settling down to the comfortable conclusion that there is no reasonable prospect of another terrific fight among the magnates, and that at the end of the present dickering and bickering things will be found in very much the same shape that they were in prior to May, 1901. The best that all parties concerned can do in the premises is to retire to their wigwams and to smoke their pipes of peace. There's enough business at hand and in sight to keep every one in good humor. The West is steadily growing up, merger or no merger. Eventually, St. Paul common, Union Pacific common and Northern Pacific common should be selling at much higher prices. The time is not far distant when Union Pacific common will be bought again with avidity at 130. The individual who buys at current prices, or on all reactions therefrom, and locks up the certificates in his strong box, should be able to make a fine turn within the next five years. The margin-

trader, of course, is in a different position, because he acts on different principles. What is sauce for the investor, is anything but sauce for the other fellow.

The recent Government report on wheat was misleading. Since its compilation, there has been much improvement in conditions, and further improvement may pretty safely be looked for. With sufficient moisture from now on, winter wheat is sure to make an average crop. It is not at all unlikely that political exigencies will be something of a determining influence for months to come in the making up of crop reports at Washington. The farmer vote has to be pleased, and that can best be achieved through

the publication of reports making for a maintenance of, or a rise in, grain market quotations. At this time there's no pressing need to worry much over crop prospects.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Trading in the St. Louis market was a little more lively in the last four or five days. In the bank and trust company group some good advances were scored on moderate trading. The World's Fair has gotten into the bones and minds of many people with money in the bank waiting for investment. Among the optimists the impression prevails that the "greatest show on earth" should work all sorts of wonders and give us fabulous prices for popular shares. This exultant feeling is refreshing. Let's hope that it will last long enough to pull the market out of its chronic lethargy. Money is flowing into the town from all sides. It's rumored that even the Filipinos are growing interested in the "tremendous possibilities" of Bank of Commerce, Candy common and Transit issues.

Third National Bank is quoted at 288 bid, Commerce at 289 bid, American Central Trust at 147½ bid. Mechanics' is offering at 275, with 270 bid. Mercantile is higher, nominally. The last bid was 323. Missouri Trust was a star attraction, the stock rising to 117 bid, 118 asked, selling at 118½ at one time. For St. Louis Union Trust 327½ is bid, for Lincoln 179½.



## That Foggy Feeling

**B**ILIOUSNESS is no respecter of persons. It attacks the staid married man, the merry wielder of the carmine brush, the vivacious society miss, and the abstemious little hombody, with impartial ferocity. It makes your skin look like Mexican leather and your head feel like a Whitehead torpedo about to explode. It puts a fuzz on your tongue in the morning and an undecided feeling in your stomach. You feel like a milliner's parade looks on a rainy day, but you can't locate the trouble. You're bilious; simply bilious, and you need a

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NEW YORK.

ST. LOUIS.

WACO

United Railways preferred is exceedingly dull at 54 bid, 54½ asked. Transit is slightly higher. The last sale was made at 12½. The 4 per cent bonds are lower, being offered at 80, the best bid being 79¾.

For Granite-Bimetallic 35 is bid, for Hope Mining 25, for Scantic 8 cents. American Central Insurance is offering at 210. For Simmons Hardware common 96 is bid, for the 2nd preferred 113¾.

Demand for money in the past week was less active at the local banks. Interest rates are steady at 4½ to 6 per cent for time and call loans. Sterling exchange is higher, the last quotation being \$4.88½.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

K. J., Shelbyville, Ill.—Since you are well-margined, would recommend holding Steel preferred a while longer. Stock should rally sufficiently, barring the unexpected, to let you out even, at least.

Subscriber.—Wouldn't care to invest in Mexican Central. Erie first preferred should work higher in due time. Let American Ice alone. No merit to it.

H. F. R., Nashville, Tenn.—Cannot see anything specially attractive in Wash preferred. If it should go up, it will be in sympathy with the rest. No prospect of a dividend on it.

W. O. P., Ft. Scott, Kans.—San Antonio & Aransas Pass 4s a fair investment at about 80. Iron Mountain unified is a little too high for the present. Wouldn't advise investing in People's Gas.

X. X. X.—Rock Island preferred highly speculative. Pennsylvania should be held, so should Illinois Central. The latter is as good as any of its class for an investment.

"Empire," Albany, N. Y.—Yes, consider them first-class investment. Par looks like reasonable price for the bonds. Not much, if any, depreciation likely to occur.

## WHAT'S THE ANSWER

He entered the shop hurriedly, with the air of a man whose mind was occupied with a weighty commission. Those whom he passed at the door recalled afterward that he was muttering some formula under his breath as if fearful of forgetting it. He approached the counter heroically, yet with the air of one who devoutly wished it were well over.

"I want to get," he began boldly, "some—some ribbon for a red baby." The saleswoman's blank stare seemed to arouse him to a sense of something amiss.

"That is," he hastily amended, "I should like some baby for red ribbon."

The girl was smiling broadly now, and two cash boys, a floor walker and several customers of feminine persuasion who had drawn nearer, involuntarily smiled in unison.

"That is—of course, you know"—He was getting desperate. "I mean some red-ribboned—that is—some red ribs for a baby—some baby—red ribs—some—thunder and guns! Where's the way out?"

"I wonder," the saleswoman said

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**MICE AND MEN**

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Reserved Seats Thurs  
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Sat. **Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde**

## CENTURY

THIS WEEK,  
**Lew Dockstader's Minstrels**  
Jas. H. Decker, Mgr.  
Reg. Matinee Sat.

NEXT SUNDAY,  
Reserved Seats Thurs  
**Kirke La Shelle**  
announces  
**MR. LAURENCE D'ORSAY**  
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Evenings, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.  
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Get the Habit.

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Hampton and Hopkins present

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**Burlesquers**

calf top, a laced shoe. Another pretty boot has the pongee kid top and a black patent leather foxing. These fancy styles are for women who can afford to have many changes.—*New York Times*.

### TRAIN SICKNESS

Road legs have to be acquired as much as sea legs, and in the various forms of locomotion, from the jolting omnibus to the quick-stopping tube and air-braked trains, frequent opportunities arise for estimating the various amounts of agility, clutching of stay-straps and compensating bodily movements made by the cognoscenti in the particular class of vehicle of which they are for the time endeavoring to form an integral part. That all forms of traveling are tiring is evident from the prevalent tendency to sleep in railway carriages.

The vagaries of the traveling public are curious; some cannot ride except facing the engine or the horses, others cannot travel at all by railway, some have faint feelings when going at high speed, others are made actually sick, and we have known the utmost confusion caused to some unfortunate by the seats opposite the direction in which the train is moving being occupied, though curiously enough, the same feeling is not set up when the passenger can have a seat placed parallel with the direction of progress. There is reason to believe that the action upon the eye muscles of the rapidly changing parallax and the quick passage of objects that are met and left have much to do with the production of tired feelings and of headaches caused by long journeys, and great relief is often experienced by simply closing the eyes or by refraining from looking out of the windows, and if reading is to be indulged in, the daylight should be chosen and a large and clear type of print selected.—*Lancet*.



An old Scottish crofter who wanted a reduction in rent appeared before the commission in Glasgow. It was pointed out to him that, from the number of cat-



### AN INSIDE POSITION

DO YOU KNOW THE RELATION THE MILK HAS TO THE COCOANUT?

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SAINT LOUIS

tle that were on his farm, he must be doing rather well. "Och," replied the old fellow, "you should see the bit beasties. They're as lean, sir, as Pharaoh's kine." "How lean was that?" asked a member of the commission, doubtless thinking that he had cornered the applicant. Like a flash came back the answer: "So lean, sir, that they could only be seen in a vision."



### TO ACQUIRE A SWEET VOICE

"If the rising generation of American girls is not taught to use the speaking voice properly, we shall develop into a race of unconscious, unintentional shrews. If some rich woman wished to bring upon her head the blessings of posterity, she should endow a chair of voice development which would not necessarily include singing lessons," so said Miss Lord of "The Runaways" Company recently.

"Listen to the penetrating feminine voices all around us, shrilling, almost shrieking in head tones. And I am sure that not one of those women realizes that her remarks are being heard all over the room. If she did, she would talk less of personal matters. Ride on the elevated trains or on open surface cars, and your head will ache more from the piercing voices of the women around you than from the combined din of train and street. Have you ever heard a telephone ring in your ear because the woman at the other end of the wire was using head tones in talking? It is frightful.

"The true root of the evil is that American women either cannot or will not use their speaking voice properly. Hundreds of dollars to cultivate a singing voice, but not one cent not a jot of her time to improve her speaking voice. Massage and lessons in physical culture to develop a plump throat, but not five minutes a day to enlarge her chest. And yet a gentle voice is a woman's most effective weapon.

"If a woman will stand squarely before her glass, with her shoulders back, her head high, while she slowly inflates and empties her lungs, she will secure excellent chest development. Then let her give the sound of double O (oo) as the lungs are emptied, but in rich low tones, which she feels come straight from the chest, or, as one woman expressed to me, from the pit of her stomach, and she will have taken the first step in developing a pleasing speaking voice.

"Next let her take the same position and count up to ten as slowly as possible while emitting one long breath, steadily increasing her chest expansion. Then let her practice her new speaking tone on her family, seeing how she can place her voice and yet be heard distinctly by members of the home circle. When on trains or walking on the street let her aim to strike a voice tone below the din, and not above it, so low, in fact, that it rings like a second or alto part in singing. She can then be heard as distinctly as if she tried to shout above the roar of street traffic and her voice will lose that penetrating, shrill quality which is the hall mark of the ill-bred woman."

### SUMMER SHOWS

Colonel John D. Hopkins has engaged The Civic Improvement League will, a number of the greatest European year, through their Play- that were brought to this country by the Committee on Play- for his visit to the Forest Park grounds. In addition to the lands, he will give one of the best plays. These plays has, never before, a sample of the hot summer season and The Mirror this year, a sample of the hot summer season and rare excellence of programme to be in- keep them off the streets. The direct re-

### NOBLE WORK

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The World's Fair Management has set aside October 11th next as Missouri Day, upon which date it is expected the people of the grand old State will turn out en masse to do honor to the World's greatest exposition.

To estimate the number of paid admissions to the Exposition on this day will require considerable skill, yet will afford no little interest, inasmuch as the sum of Five Thousand Dollars will be paid to the person making the correct or nearest correct estimate. Should there be more than one correct or nearest correct estimate, this sum will be equally divided between the persons making such estimates.

The conditions governing this contest of skill are essentially as follows:—

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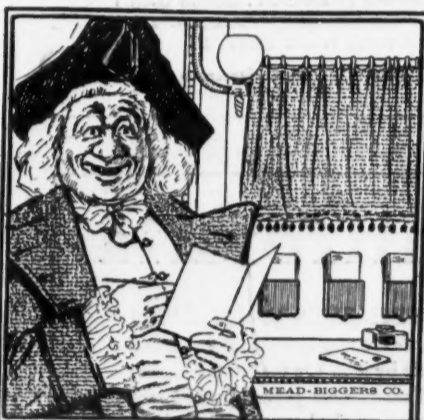
It must be apparent to any intelligent mind that the \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents will be of superior quality, guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction to the smoker, or its sale would be limited to the first trial.

The contest is a method of introducing and advertising this brand of cigars, adopted by The Million Cigar Co., and the aim of the Company, as its name implies, is to sell One Million \$5,000 Cigars for Ten Cents between now and October 11th next. Therefore the cigar must be good, else how could we do it? As above stated the sum of Five Thousand Dollars is now on deposit, with the distinct stipulation that the amount can be drawn only by the person earning it according to the rules of the contest, by order of the Million Cigar Co., of St. Louis.

The next time you buy a cigar ask for the \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents, and an estimate card will be given you, free of charge. Anyone wishing to make an estimate without purchasing a \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents may do so by paying 15c for an official estimate card.

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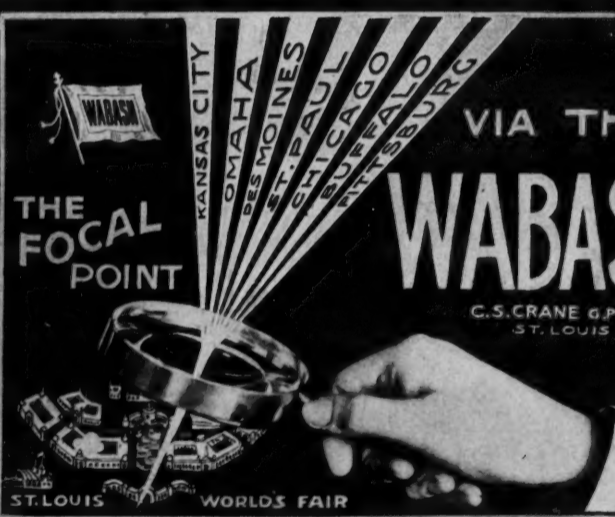
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